

SENSATIONAL!! THE SON OF THE SKULL VS. THE BLACK HOOD

NO.
6

JACKPOT

10¢

comics

SUMMER
ISSUE

WILL STEEL STERLING THWART
THE BLOODY JAPS AND
NAZI RATS?



[illegible]



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

WE ARE
ALL IN
THIS
FIGHT
TOGETHER

!!!!



**NOW, MORE THAN
EVER YOU SHOULD BE
PROUD TO WEAR THIS
BADGE! IT MEANS MORE
THAN BEING JUST A CLUB-
MEMBER NOW! IT MEANS
SUBSCRIBING TO THE
IDEALS OF AMERICANISM!
IT MEANS THAT WE ARE PLEDG-
ING OURSELVES TO STAND
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER,
WORKING TOGETHER, PULL-
ING TOGETHER, UNTIL VICTORY
IS OURS. IN SHORT WHAT IT
AMOUNTS TO IS THAT JOIN-
ING THE SHIELD
G-MAN CLUB**

IS

**JOINING
THE ALL-OUT
DRIVE FOR
VICTORY!**

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR
NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH
10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of
the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am
enclosing this coupon together with
Ten Cents to cover the costs of
handling and mailing my Badge and
Identification Card.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL

WE SEE IT, BUT WE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! STEEL STERLING INTERVENING FOR HIS DEADLIEST FOE... BARON GESTAPO! AND A NATION IS A GHAST, HAS THE MAN OF STEEL TURNED AGAINST THEM? THEIR MOST POWERFUL ALLY NOW THEIR ENEMY? HERE IS A COMPLETELY NEW-COMpletely DIFFERENT SHOCK YOU OUT OF YOUR SEATS. A STORY OF SACRIFICE AS TYPICALLY AMERICAN AS THE FLAG ITSELF. A STORY OF A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY?



USA

WILLIAM M. MARSHALL

IN NAZIDOM... DISGRACE
TO THE HUMAN RACE...
NUMBER ONE... FUMES
AND FRET'S HYSTERI-
CALLY...

I WILL
HAF MY OWN
VAY! NOTHING
WILL STOP ME!
BARON GESTAPO
IS VITAL TO MY
PLANS!

AND IN WASHINGTON...

STERLING, IF FOR NO
OTHER REASON, OUR
NATION OWES YOU A
VOTE OF THANKS FOR
PUTTING THAT MALIG-
NANT BARON GESTAPO
BEHIND BARS!

THANK YOU,
MR. PRESIDENT!

SUDDENLY THE
PHONE RINGS...

HELLO!
WHAT?
HITLER'S
ON THE
PHONE
?

VE HAF
CAPTURED
YOUR GENERAL
MCIVOR... I WISH
TO EXCHANGE
HIM FOR ONE
OF OUR MEN
YOU HAF
IN AMERIKA!

NO! NO!
I DON'T WANT A
GERMAN CONSUL OR
AMBASSADOR.....
I MUST HAF
BARON
GESTAPO!

BAH! DER SCHWEIN... DEY ARE GOING TO
SHOOT HIM AT SUNRISE. HOW DARE DEY
DO DAT! DON'T DEY KNOW ONLY CHERMANS
CAN ACT AND PUNISH SWIFTLY... VOT'S
DEMOCRATIC
FOOLS?

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE...

AW, GIVE US
REPORTERS A
BREAK! WHAT
ARE STEEL
STERLING AND
THE PRES-
IDENT TALK-
ING ABOUT.

SORRY, BOYS
YOU'LL HAVE
TO WAIT TO
FIND OUT!

AT THAT
MOMENT

ALL RIGHT, MR.
PRESIDENT, IF THAT'S
YOUR FINAL WORD I ACCEPT
IT! BUT BLUNTLY, I DIS-
AGREE WITH YOUR
SENTIMENTS!

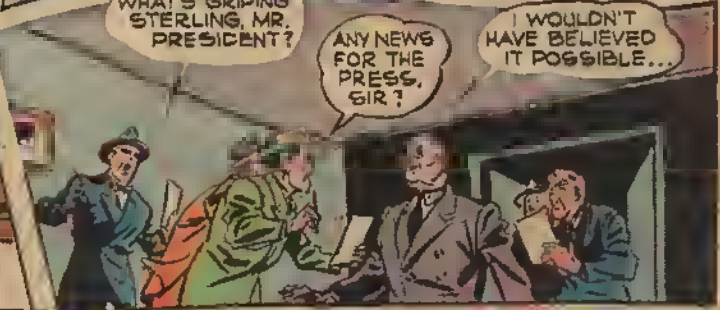


WHAT'S UP STEEL?
WHAT ARE YOU
SORE ABOUT?

CRIPES!
LOOK AT HIM!
HOW ABOUT A
STATEMENT,
STEEL?



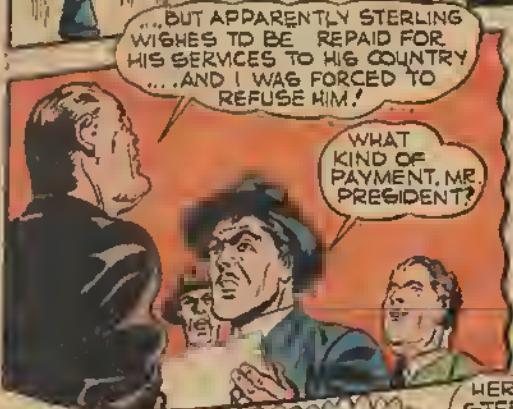
OUT OF MY WAY - I'VE NOTHING TO
TELL YOU! IF YOU WANT SOMETHING
TO PRINT, ASK THE PRESIDENT!



WHAT'S GRIPING
STERLING, MR.
PRESIDENT?

ANY NEWS
FOR THE
PRESS,
SIR?

I WOULDN'T
HAVE BELIEVED
IT POSSIBLE...



"...BUT APPARENTLY STERLING
WISHES TO BE REPAID FOR
HIS SERVICES TO HIS COUNTRY
...AND I WAS FORCED TO
REFUSE HIM."

WHAT
KIND OF
PAYMENT, MR.
PRESIDENT?

'FLASH,' HERE'S AN
ITEM HOT FROM THE
WHITE HOUSE! THE
PRESIDENT REFUSED
STEEL STERLING AN
AMBASSADOR -
SHIP!



STERLING WALKED ANGRILY
FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
AND REFUSED TO MAKE ANY
COMMENT!

JIMINY...

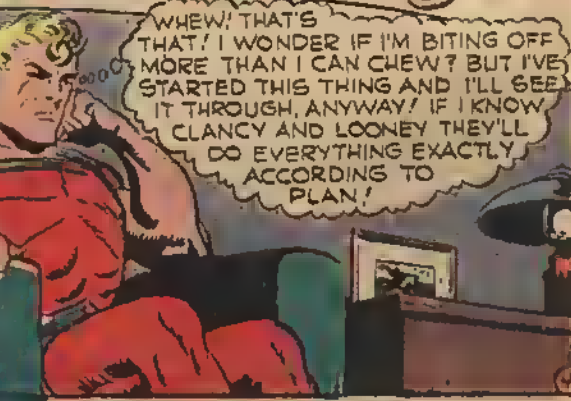
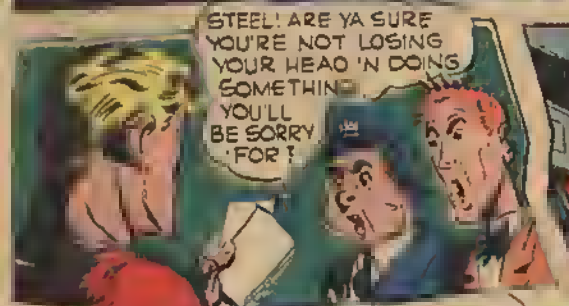
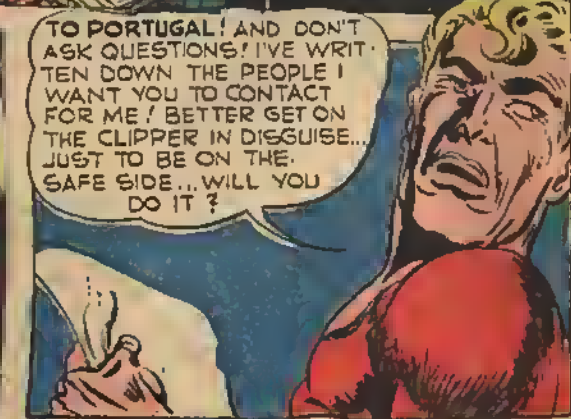
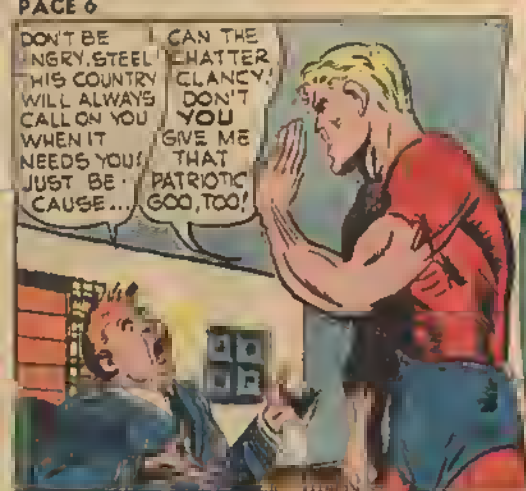
CRICKETS!

HERE COMES
STEEL NOW!...
WE JUST HEARD
THE NEWS ABOUT
YOU AND THE
PRESIDENT,
STEEL!

IT AIN'T TRUE ABOUT YOU
ASKIN' TO BE PAID FOR
SERVICES TO YOUR
COUNTRY,
IS IT, PAL?

WHY
NOT?





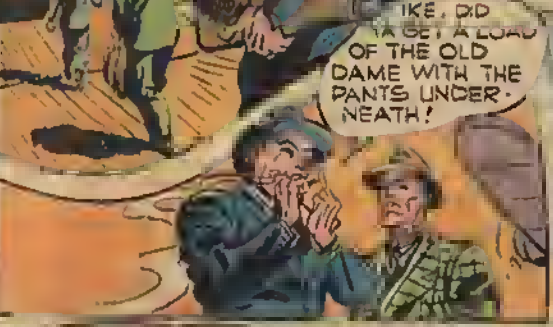
LATER AT THE AIRPORT

STOP BRAGGIN

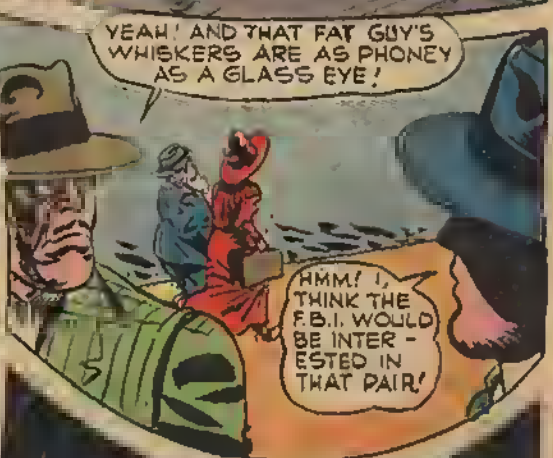
SUDDENLY..

BOY, I OSGUISED MYSELF SO GOOD I EVEN FEEL LIKE AN OLD MAN, LOONEY!

FATSO.. DIDN'T A KID WANNA HELP ME ACROSS THE STREET BEFORE?

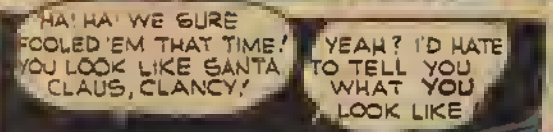


IKE, DID YA GET A LOAD OF THE OLD DAME WITH THE PANTS UNDER-NEATH!



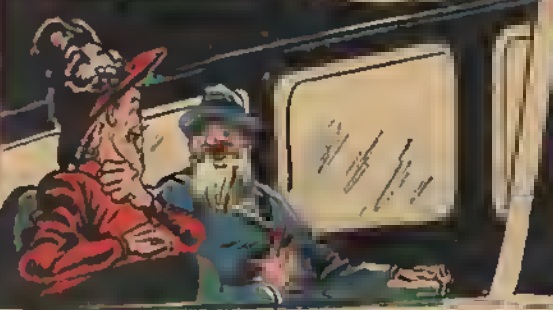
YEAH! AND THAT FAT GUY'S WHISKERS ARE AS PHONEY AS A GLASS EYE!

HMM! I THINK THE F.B.I. WOULD BE INTER-ESTED IN THAT PAIR!



HA! HA! WE GURE FOOLED 'EM THAT TIME! YOU LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS, CLANCY!

YEAH? I'D HATE TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

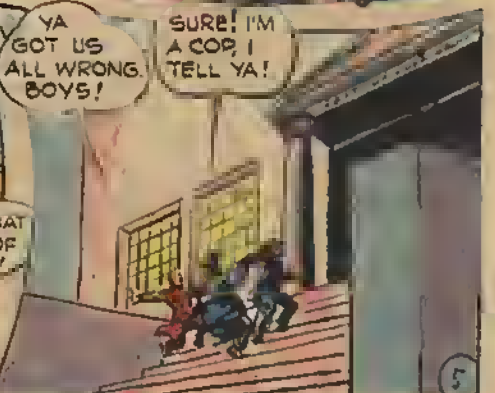


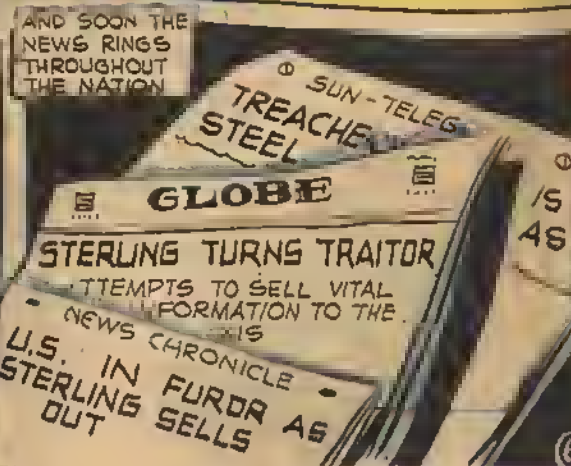
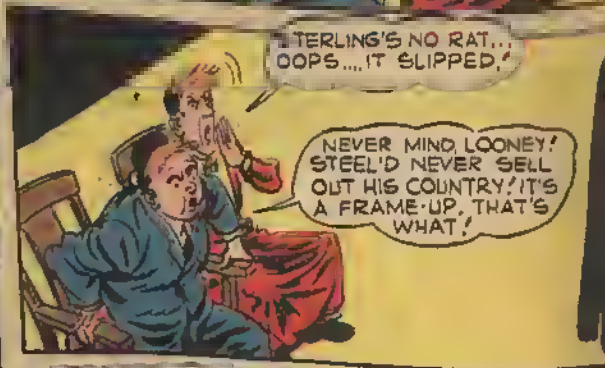
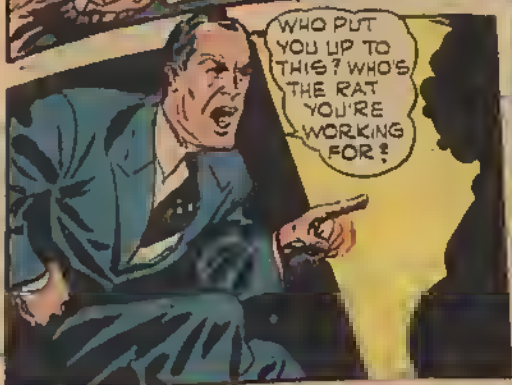
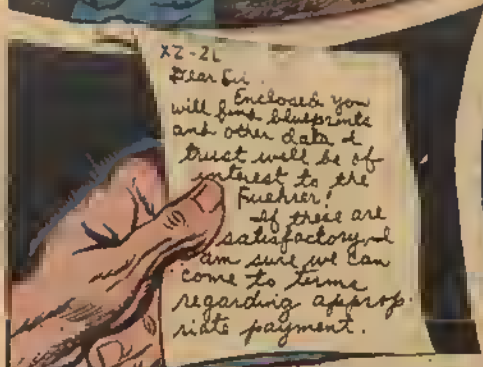
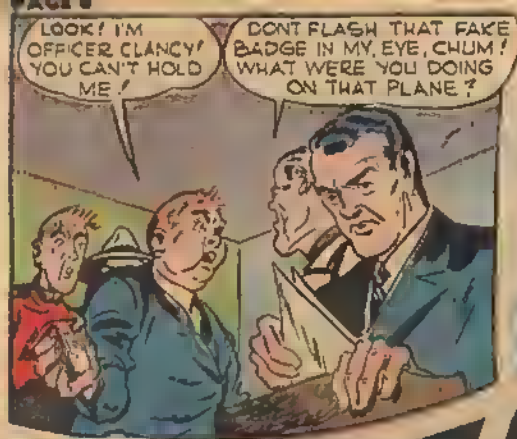
COME ALONG GRANDMA! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

YA GOT US ALL WRONG. BOYS!

SURE! I'M A COP, I TELL YA!

THE F.B.I. DOESN'T LIKE THAT QUICK SHAVE OF YOURS, BUD!





AND IN A PRISON CELL, **STERLING'S**
GREATEST ENEMY, **BARON GESTAPO**,
ALSO READS THE NEWS.

VOT'S
DIS?

SO DER GREAT
AMERICAN HAS SOLD
OUT TO MY COUNTRY!
HOW RIGHT MINE
FUEHRER IS! DER
DEMOCRACIES
ARE CORRUPT! A
PACK OF BRAIN-
LESS FOOLS!

SQUADS OF POLICE
SET OUT TO APPREHEND
STEEL STERLING!

MEANWHILE ...

THIS IS WHERE
HE LIVES. TAKE
ANOTHER SQUAD
AROUND TO THE
REAR ENTRANCE!

UP WITH 'EM,
STERLING! THE
F.B.I. WANTS
TO TALK TO
YOU!

WELL, AFTER READ-
ING THE PAPERS,
I SUSPECT WHAT
THEY WANT TO
TALK TO ME
ABOUT!

WE'VE
GOT YOU
COVERED
FROM ALL
SIDES! SO
COME QUIETLY!

SORRY
BOYS!

BUT I DON'T FEEL
LIKE TALKING
TODAY!



SO LONG,
BOYS...

YOU
TRY AND
STOP HIM!

GANGWAY!

CALLING ALL
RIOT CARS...
KEEP LOOKING
FOR STEEL-STERLING.

THANKS FOR
THE WORK-OUT!



AND EVEN WHILE THE MAN-HUNT IS ON
FOR THE MAN OF STEEL, BARON GESTAPO
IS BEING LED OUT BY THE
FIRING SQUAD..

BAH! TAKE DOT
BLINDFOLD AWAY!
YOU THINK I AM SOFT
LIKE YOU AMERICAN
SCUM!

JUST AS
YOU SAY,
GESTAPO!



FOR EFFERY CHERMAN YOU KILL, A
HUNDRED AMERICAN PIGS VILL
DIE 'UND FOR SHOOTING ME,
BARON GESTAPO.

A TOUNSAND SHALL GO
TO THEIR GRAVES!

READY...
AIM...

SUDDENLY, FLASHING OUT OF THE HEAVENS

JUST IN TIME!

STERLING!
YOU SAVED
ME... BUT
VY?

YOU'RE A SMART
GUY ' FIGURE IT
OUT FOR YOUR-
SELF!

LATER

SURE, THE PAPERS ARE TELLING
THE TRUTH ' I'M FEATHERING MY
OWN NEST FROM NOW
ON!

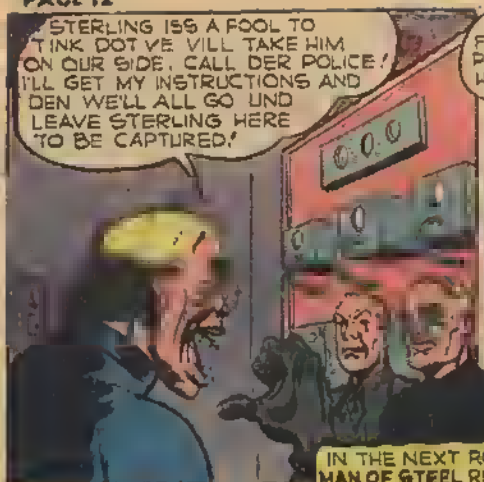
HMM...
FOLLOW
ME!

HEIL, BARON,
VE GAFE
YOU UP
FOR DEAD!

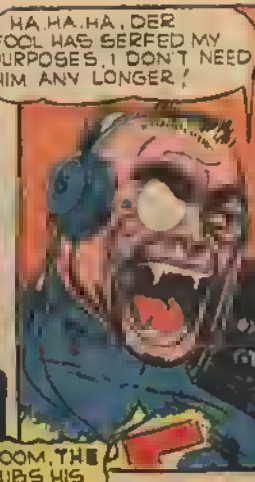
YOU CAN THANK HERR STERLING
FOR SAVING MY LIFE... HIS EYES
HAF BEEN OPENED UND
HE IS JOINING US!

NOT SO
FAST, BARON!
I TOLD YOU I'M
IN THIS FOR
WHAT I CAN
GET! WHAT
IS YOUR
OFFER?

VAIT HERE
I CONTACT
MY FUEHRER
ON DER
SHORT
WAVE
RADIO!



STERLING ISS A FOOL TO
TINK DOT VE VILL TAKE HIM
ON OUR SIDE. CALL DER POLICE!
I'LL GET MY INSTRUCTIONS AND
DEN WE'LL ALL GO UND
LEAVE STERLING HERE
TO BE CAPTURED!



HA HA HA, DER
FOOL HAS SERVED MY
PURPOSES. I DON'T NEED
HIM ANY LONGER!

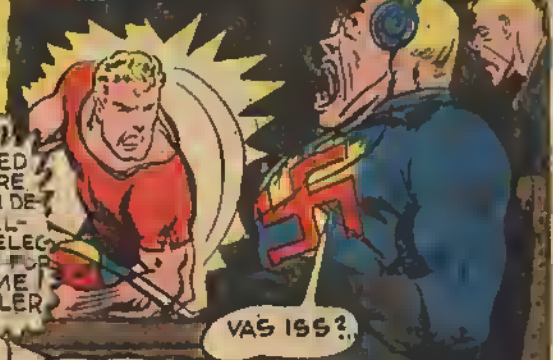


ALL RIGHT,
BARON GESTAPO!
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS
ARE COMING IN!

IN THE NEXT ROOM, THE
MAN OF STEEL RUBS HIS
TONGUE ALONG HIS
TEETH.. WHICH SETS
UP A MAGNETIC FIELD
AND ALLOWS HIM TO
INTERCEPT THE IN-
COMING MESSAGE...



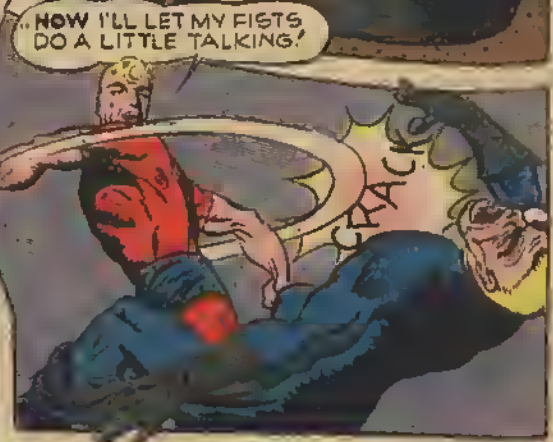
BARON GESTAPO-PROCEED
TO MEXICO AT ONCE! YOU ARE
TO PREVENT MEXICO FROM DE-
CLARING WAR ON US, BY KILL-
ING THEIR PRESIDENT! I SELEC-
TED YOU FOR THE BEST MAN FOR
THE JOB—DO NOT FAIL ME!
SIGNED— ADOLF HITLER



VAS ISS?..



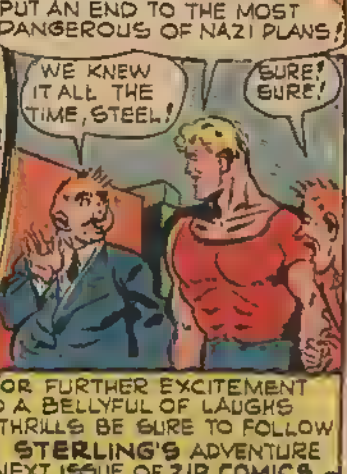
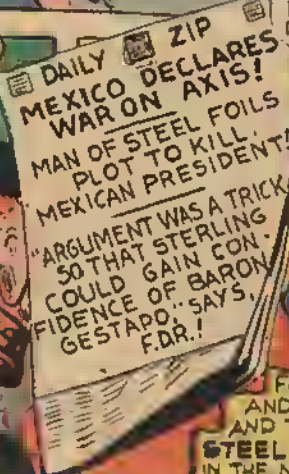
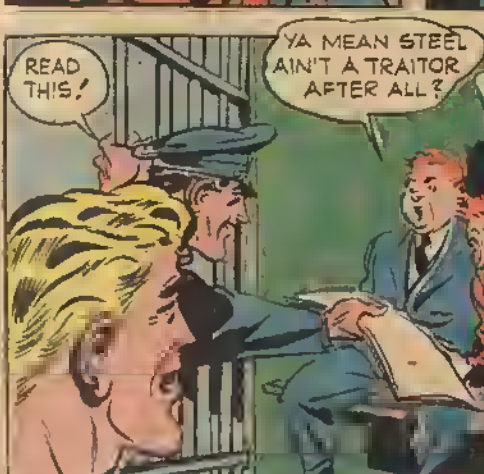
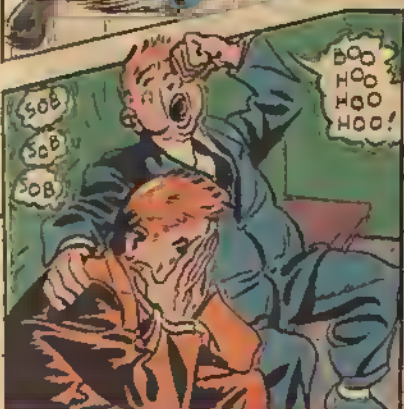
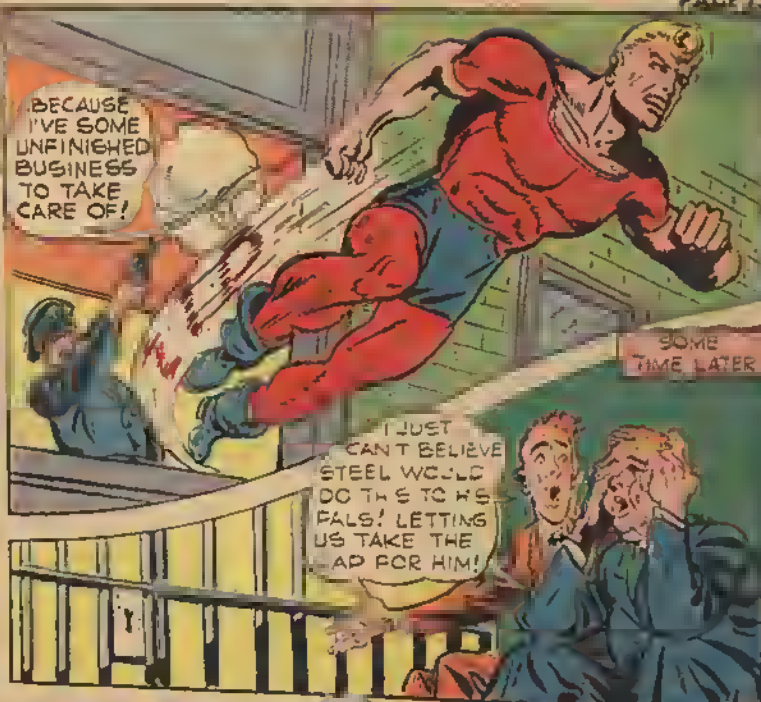
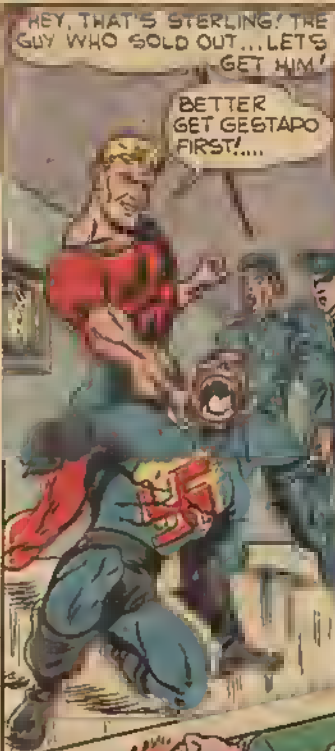
"THIS IS, GESTAPO."
YOU'VE TOLD ME
ALL I WANT TO
KNOW..



"NOW I'LL LET MY FISTS
DO A LITTLE TALKING!"



THE POLICE
BURST IN..



BLACK DEATH

A STEEL STERLING STORY

STEEL STERLING smiled broadly and slapped Jimmy Denning on the shoulder. "Congratulations on your performance tonight, Jimmy," he said. "How does it feel to finish up your first month as star of the show?"

"Swell!" said Jimmy. His eyes suddenly clouded over. "But I keep thinking about Rob Minton—of the tough break he got when they threw him out of the show and gave me his part. . . ."

"Forget it, kid," said Steel. "Minton was drinking heavily, and the producer knew what he was doing when he threw him out." He smiled again. "Come on, kid, forget it and tell me all about this theatre business."

Jimmy's eyes shone. "It's been marvelous. Why, I've just finished sending out a batch of autographed photos to people who wrote in asking for them. Imagine—people asking for my autograph! I—" His face turned sheet-white and he staggered back a step.

Steel rushed forward. "Jimmy! What's the matter?"

Jimmy's face had gone from white to near-black. He coughed spasmodically. "Steel!" he mumbled. "Steel! I—feel—funny—" His head dropped back.

Steel winced. "He's dead!" He said the words simply, but there was a tightness in his voice. He laid Denning's body on the couch and walked out of the room.

Steel Sterling zipped swiftly backstage and entered the office of Joe Mitchell, producer

of the show. "Joe," he said, "Jimmy Denning's been—murdered!"

Joe Mitchell was sitting at his desk, his head on his chest. Steel walked over to shake him—and stopped. Joe Mitchell's face was black.

"Mitchell, too," said Steel. He stared at the desk, where Mitchell had been working over a pile of unanswered correspondence.

"The method of murder—right before me," he said. "I think I'd better drop in to see Rob Minton."

Rob Minton was sitting in on a poker game. He had been drinking and he looked up with bleary, unexcited eyes as Steel Sterling entered the room.

"Steel Sterling, eh?" he said. "Friend of Jimmy Denning's. Get out! No friend of that rat is welcome here."

"Minton," said Steel slowly, "Jimmy Denning and Joe Mitchell were murdered ten minutes ago. . . ."

Minton looked surprised and happy. "That doesn't make me sad," he said. He looked up suddenly, threw his cards on the table. "What's that got to do with me?" he asked.

"I thought," Steel said, "that you might know something about it."

"Not a thing," said Minton. "This poker game's been going on for hours, and I haven't left the room once."

"They were poisoned," said Steel.

"Still better," said Minton. "How could I have anything to do with it? Poison's got to be administered. I haven't been

around the theatre all this month—ask the doorman and the people up front."

Steel's eyes hardened. He reached out and pulled Minton out of his chair. "I'm through playing," he said. "You sent both Denning and Mitchell return envelopes—Denning's to return a requested photo, and Mitchell in answer to some business. You used assumed names, and when they licked the flaps to seal the envelopes, poison mixed in with the paste killed them!"

Minton breathed heavily for a minute. Then he said softly, "Get him!"

A gun cracked, but Steel was not there to receive the bullet. He had leaped through the air, still clutching Minton. When the bullet bit into the wall, he dropped to the ground and, simultaneously, clipped Minton on the jaw. Minton's head snapped back, and he slid to the ground.

Then Sterling got to work on the other poker players. There were four of them.

Steel did it very methodically. He simply zipped through the air, dropped in back of a thug, spun him around, and sent a sizzling blast to his jaw. He repeated this procedure four times and his work was over.

Weeks later, Steel read of Minton's conviction by a jury. The sentence was death in the electric chair. But there was no satisfaction in the Man of Steel's eyes . . . just a sadness that criminals had to learn the hard way that Crime does not pay!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE ARE STEEL STEEL LING, THE MAN OF STEEL, AND HIS TWO CHIEF HINDRANCES CLANCY AND LOONEY...



HOW D'YA LIKE IT! WHY DONT WE GET A BIG CASE LIKE THAT? LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, CLANCY!



HERE'S A REPORT THAT THE TATTOOED MAN AT THE TINGLING CIRCUS IS PULLING SOME KIND OF SKIN GAME! I WANT YOU MEN TO GET RIGHT OUT!



I'LL GET ALONG FASTER WITHOUT THOSE GUYS TRAILING ALONG! DO ME A FAVOR AND GIVE THEM A CASE TO KEEP 'EM BUSY! ANYTHING!



C'MON, LOONEY. HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO SHDW OUR STUFF!



OKAY! LEAVE IT TO ME!



OFFICER CLANCY! ALEC LUNAR! FRONT AND CENTER!



SAY, I READ A STORY ONCE ABOUT A COUPLA DETECTIVES WHO GOT DISGUISED AS CLOWNS AN' CAPTURED A VERY VICIOUS KILLER!



THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'LL DO! I KNOW A GUY WHO RENTS OUT COSTUMES!

BOMEWHAT LATER TWO FIGURES APPROACH THE TENTS HUDDLED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN

NOW DON'T FORGET. YOU'RE CLANCELLO, THE GREAT TRAPEZIST!

OKAY, BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THE IDEA!

HMM! A FORTUNE TELLER, EH? MAYBE I CAN USE YOU! YA HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE?

HAVE I HAD EXPERIENCE? WHY, MY GOOD MAN ME AND MY PAL HERE HAVE DONE OUR ACT ALL OVER THE WORLD!



WE HAVE APPEARED BEFORE ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE! THERE IS NO FEAT OF DARING TOO TOUGH FOR THE GREAT CLANCELLO!

OKAY, WE NEED A NEW MAN! OUR STAR TRAPEZE PERFORMER WAS JUST KILLED! I'LL SHOW YOU THE DRESSING TENT!



CHATTERIN' CHEESE CAKES, LOONEY, I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS, I WAS NEVER ON A TRAPEZE IN MY LIFE!

AW, TAKE IT EASY, WE GOT A JOB TO DO!



AT THAT MOMENT, A FURTIVE FIGURE SKULKS OUT OF ONE OF THE TENTS. THE RUBBERMAN

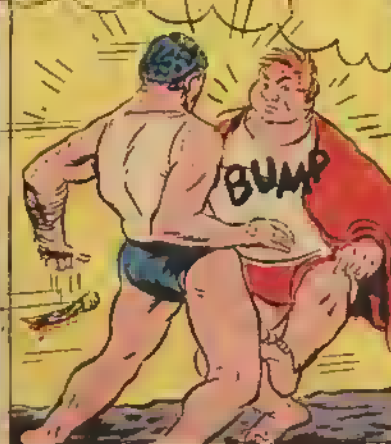
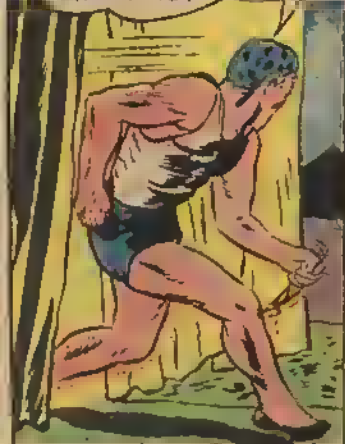
OOF! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, FAT GUY!

GLUNK! HEY! WHO ARE YOU CALLING FAT, YA BIG LUG?

OH, HELLO BOSS! WHO ARE THESE PUNKS?

THEY'RE A COUPLE OF NEW PERFORMERS THAT SAY! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU YOU WERE THROUGH! NOW PACK UP AND GET OUT!

HE'S DEAD! THAT'LL PAY HIM BACK FOR GETTING ME FIRED BY TELLING THE BOSS I'D BEEN DRINKING!



NEW PERFORMERS, EH?
THEY LOOK LIKE COPS
TO ME! THERE THEY
GO INTO THE DRESS-
ING TENT... I WONDER...



AW, QUIT GRIPIN',
CLANCY! GOON AS
WE CATCH THIS
COOKIE, OUR JOB
'LL BE DONE!

I THOUGHT
SO! THEY
ARE DICKS!



IF WE
DON'T DO IT
SOON, I WON'
B-BE HERE
TO MAKE THE
ARREST!

ALL RIGHT,
BOYS, LET'S
GET OVER TO
THE BIG TOP!

OH! YEAH!
HA! HA!
M-MIGHT AS
WELL GET
IT OVER
WITH!



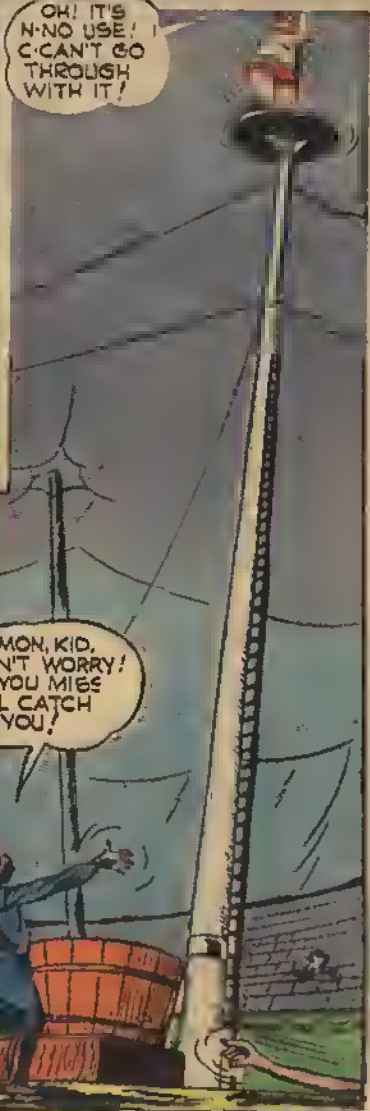
YOU CAN START BY
CLIMBIN' UP TO THAT
PLATFORM AND DIV-
ING INTO THIS TUB
OF WATER!



GO RIGHT AHEAD!
I'LL WATCH FROM
BACK HERE!



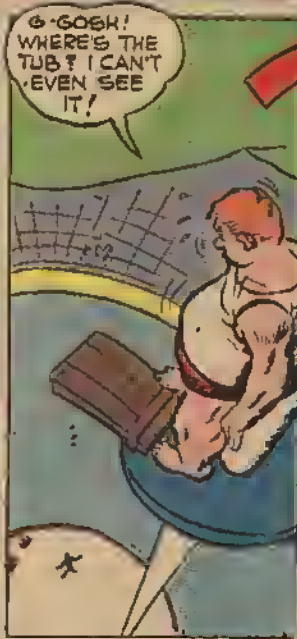
OH! IT'S
N-NO USE! I
C-CAN'T GO
THROUGH
WITH IT!



OW-WW!
HOW DID I
EVER GET
TALKED IN-
TO THIS?

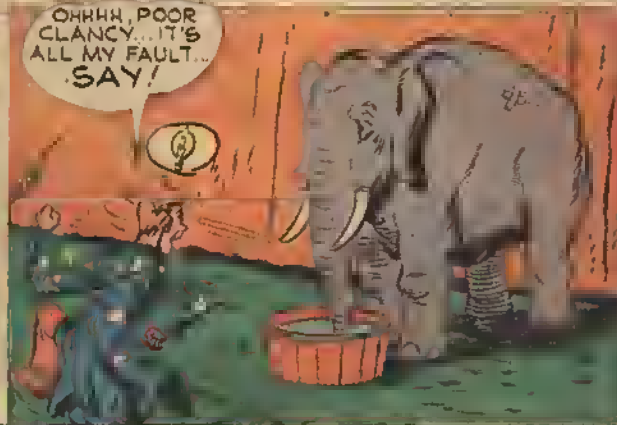
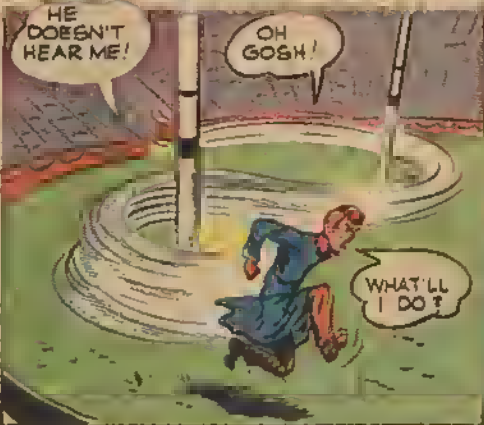
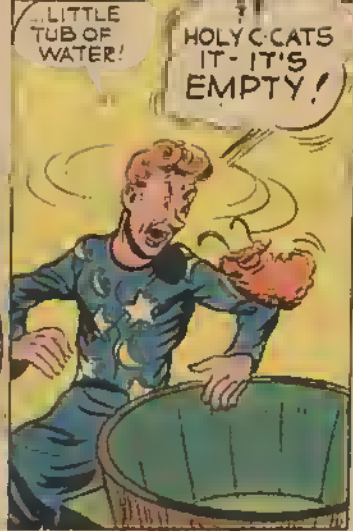
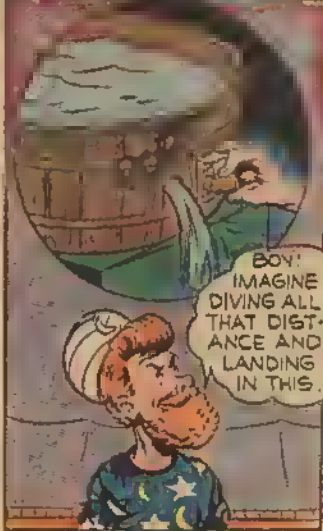


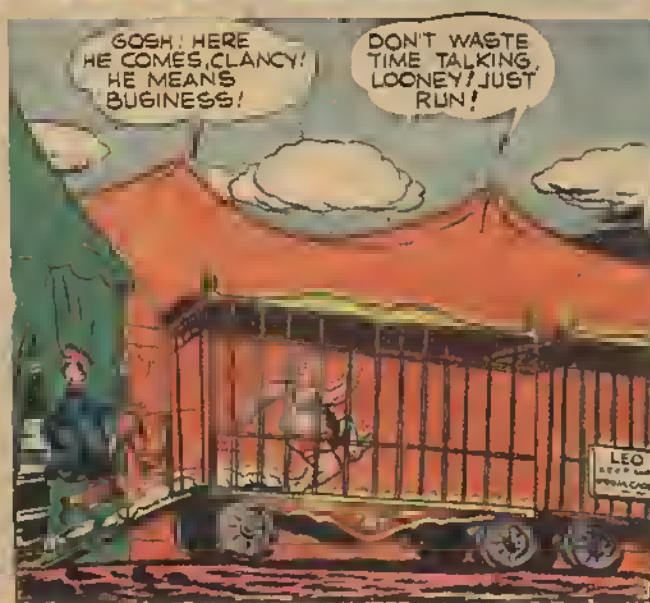
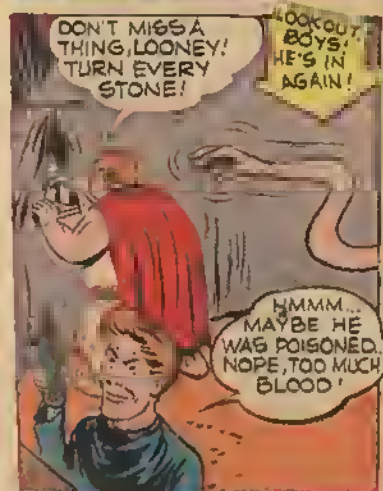
G-GOSH!
WHERE'S THE
TUB? I CAN'T
EVEN SEE
IT!



C'MON, KID,
DON'T WORRY!
IF YOU MISS
I'LL CATCH
YOU!





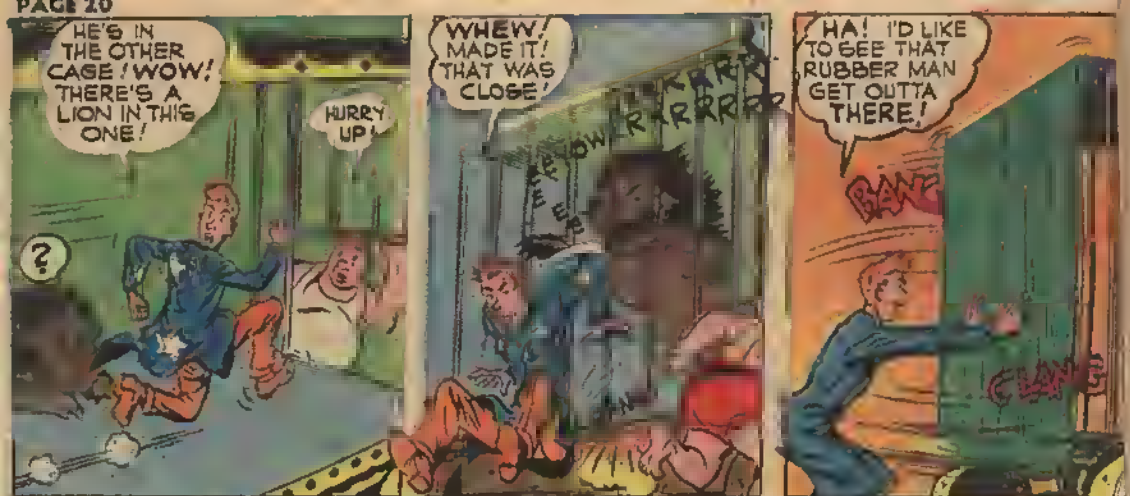


HE'S IN
THE OTHER
CASE! WOW!
THERE'S A
LION IN THIS
ONE!

HURRY
UP!

WHEW!
MADE IT!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

HA! I'D LIKE
TO SEE THAT
RUBBER MAN
GET OUTTA
THERE!

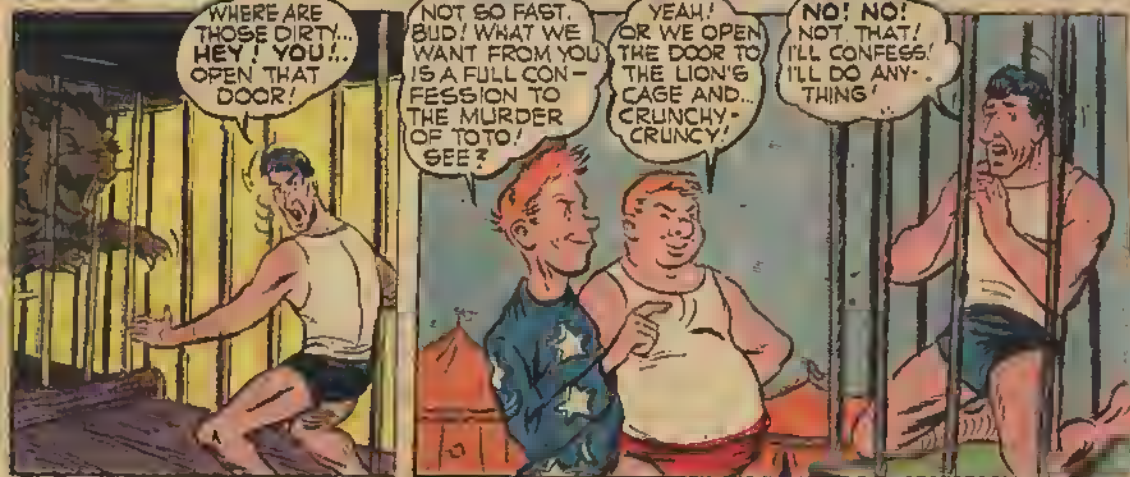


WHERE ARE
THOSE DIRTY...
HEY! YOU...
OPEN THAT
DOOR!

NOT SO FAST,
BUD! WHAT WE
WANT FROM YOU
IS A FULL CON-
FESSION TO
THE MURDER OF
TOTO!
SEE?

YEAH!
OR WE OPEN
THE DOOR TO
THE LION'S
CAGE AND...
CRUNCHY-
CRUNCHY!

NO! NO!
NOT THAT!
I'LL CONFESS!
I'LL DO ANY-
THING!



BACK AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF
POLICE...

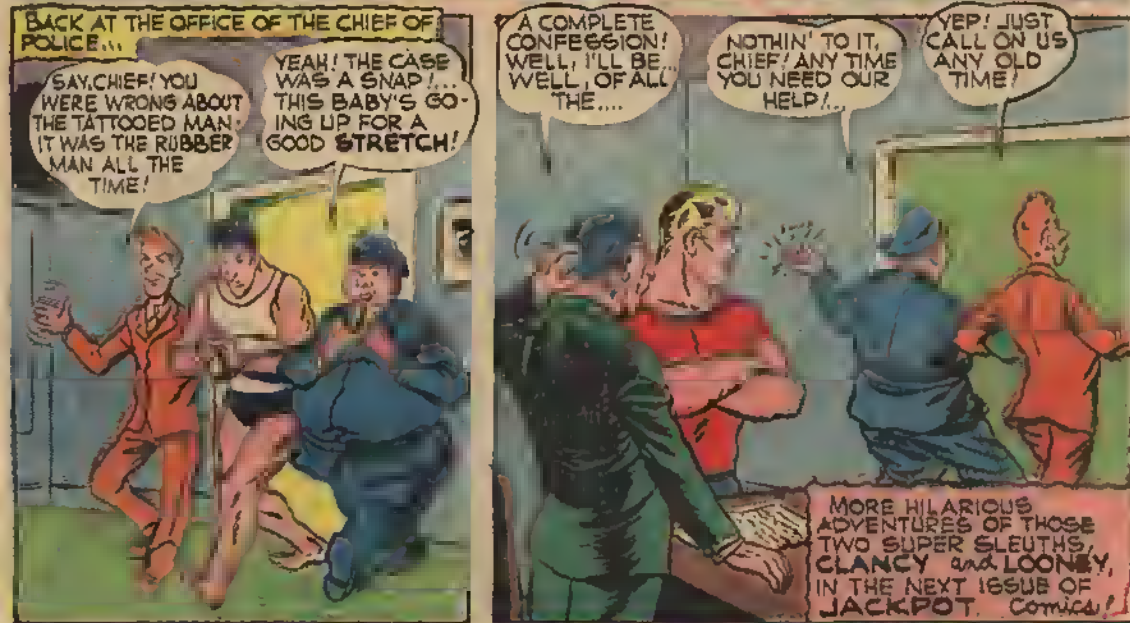
SAY, CHIEF! YOU
WERE WRONG ABOUT
THE TATTOOED MAN.
IT WAS THE RUBBER
MAN ALL THE
TIME!

YEAH! THE CASE
WAS A SNAP!...
THIS BABY'S GO-
ING UP FOR A
GOOD STRETCH!

A COMPLETE
CONFESSION!
WELL, I'LL BE.
WELL, OF ALL
THE....

NOTHIN' TO IT,
CHIEF! ANY TIME
YOU NEED OUR
HELP!...

YEP! JUST
CALL ON US
ANY OLD
TIME!



MORE HILARIOUS
ADVENTURES OF THOSE
TWO SUPER SLEUTHS,
CLANCY and LOONEY,
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
JACKPOT. Comics!

The BLACK HOOD

BATTLES THE SON OF THE SKULL

YES, BLACK HOOD, I'VE COME TO GET YOU FOR SENDING MY FATHER TO HIS DEATH. AND THIS LETTER I'M MAILING YOU PROVES THAT I KNOW YOUR REAL IDENTITY! COUNT THE PRECIOUS MINUTES, BLACK HOOD...YOU HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER TO LIVE!



FROM THE SON OF THE SKULL

To the Black Hood

A GRIM AND OMINOUS FIGURE MOVES SILENTLY DOWN THE STREETS, HEADED FOR THE POLICE STATION

THIS IS THE PLACE!

8TH ST.

INSIDE, SGT. MCGINTY IS HIS USUAL BUSY SELF

AW! I'VE GONE AND DONE IT AGAIN!

THAT'S THREE CENTS YOU OWE ME... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!

HOLY HORSE! WHO ARE YOU??

YOU HAVE A SHORT MEMORY, SERGEANT! TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

THE SKULL!

GRAB HIM! SURROUND HIM! PULL OUT YOUR GUNS!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! WHAT IS ALL THIS? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!

I'M NOT THE SKULL. I'M THE SON OF THE SKULL. YOU WERE PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR MCGINTY, AND I CAME HERE TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOU... JUST IN CASE... HEH HEH... I DECIDE TO RETURN THE FAVOR!

SO LONG, SERGEANT! WE'LL MEET AGAIN VERY SOON... HEH HEH! VERY SOON INDEED!



BOY OH BOY! WHAT A SHOCK THAT WAS! WHEW! I CAN SURE USE THIS COOL DRINK!

YEAH! THE SKULL WAS A CLEVER GUY AND HIS SON LOOKS TWICE AS CLEVER..IN THE FEW MINUTES HE WAS HERE, WHY...

.. WHY, HE MIGHT HAVE EVEN POISONED YOUR DRINK?

UHP! COUGH! COUGH!



SUDDENLY..

WHAT'S THAT?

TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK

A TIME BOMB! QUICK! LOCATE IT! TEAR THE PLACE APART!



TIME BOMB!



THIS IS THE END! WE'RE FINISHED! WE'RE GONERS! WHAT'LL MY WIFE DO WITHOUT ME?



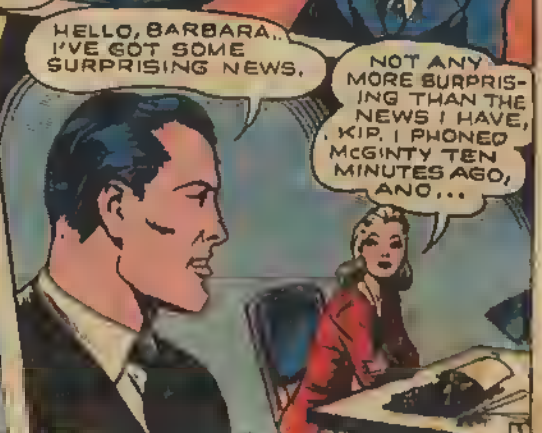
AW SHUCKS, SARGE! HERE'S YOUR TIME BOMB!

WELL.. HOW WAS I TO KNOW?

SOME TIME LATER..IN BARBARA BUTTON'S APARTMENT..

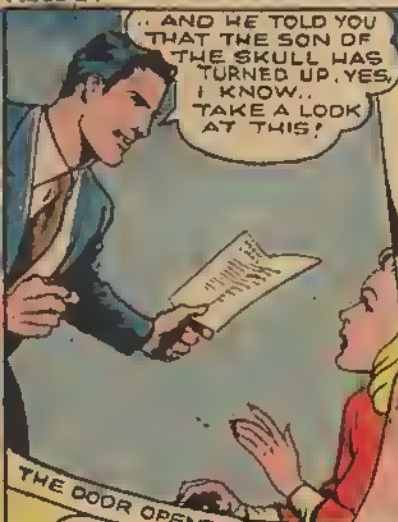


OH, THAT MUST BE KIP NOW!



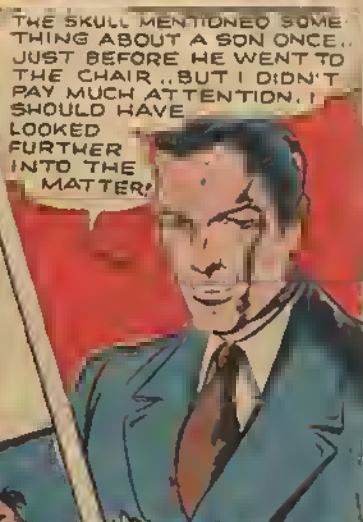
HELLO, BARBARA.. I'VE GOT SOME SURPRISING NEWS.

NOT ANY MORE SURPRISING THAN THE NEWS I HAVE, KIP, I PHONED MCGINTY TEN MINUTES AGO, AND...



...AND HE TOLD YOU THAT THE SON OF THE SKULL WAS TURNED UP. YES, I KNOW... TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

Mr Kip Burland, The Black Hood, yes, I know your identity. In fact I know everything about you... and I'm going to put this knowledge to use when deciding which of your friends will die... you'll suffer, Black Hood. You'll see your best friends killed one by one before I take care of you personally. Jack Harris will be first... The son of the Skull



THE SKULL MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A SON ONCE, JUST BEFORE HE WENT TO THE CHAIR... BUT I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION. I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED FURTHER INTO THE MATTER!

THE DOOR OPENS...



WHY, HELLO, KIP! I KNEW YOU'D FIND YOU HERE!

JACK HARRIS!

SAY, KIP, I CAME TO SEE YOU ABOUT THIS LETTER I RECEIVED... "BECAUSE YOU ARE A FRIEND OF KIP BURLAND, YOU MUST DIE!" WHAT IS IT? A PRACTICAL JOKE?



SUDDENLY, A BLACK DART BURSTS THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

KIP BURLAND MOVES SWIFTLY. HE RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AND EMERGES, AS THE BLACK HOOD!



THE BLACK HOOD GRASPS A CLOTHESLINE AND SWINGS ONTO THE ADJOINING ROOF.

THE DART CAME FROM THIS DIRECTION...



THE SKULL! THERE HE GOES!



HE'S DISAPPEARED!
FUNNY! I'D BETTER
LOOK IN THIS
OPEN DOORWAY!

NOT HERE EITHER!
NOW WHERE
COULD HE
HAVE GONE?

THE SKULL LEAPS
FROM THE ROOF
CANOPY...

HERE'S
YOUR
ANSWER,
HOOD!

I COULD KILL YOU,
NOW, BLACK HOOD,
BUT I WON'T..
FIRST YOU'LL
WATCH MORE OF
YOUR FRIENDS
DIE! YOU'LL SEE
MORE AND MORE
HOW IT FEELS
TO LOSE
SOMEONE
YOU LOVE!

IMPOSSIBLE?
THEN YOU COME
DOWN HERE AND
EXPLAIN THE DEAD
MAN ON MY COUCH?
THE MAN WHOSE
FACE HAS
CHANGED
INTO A
SKULL!

..AND COME
AT ONCE, MCGINTY?
I TELL YOU THE
SKULL'S KILLED A
MAN!

BUT IT'S IM-
POSSIBLE,
BARBARA, I'VE
GOT TWO MEN
ON HIS TRAIL
24 HOURS A
DAY!

MCGINTY RUSHES OUT OF THE POLICE STATION.

C'MON,
BOYS, WE'LL
GET THIS
CLEARED
UP RIGHT
NOW!

WE'RE GOIN' TO
CHECK
WITH THE
DETECTIVES
I HAVE
TRAILIN'
THE SKULL!

SULLIVAN,
PETERS.. I
TOLO YOIJ NOT
TO LOSE SIGHT
OF THE SKULL!

WE
DIDN'T,
SARGE!



HE'S RIGHT UPSTAIRS IN THIS BUILDING... YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!

OH, YEAH? WELL, WE'LL JUST GO UPSTAIRS AND HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH MR. SKULL!

THEY BURST INTO THE ROOM...

IT'S A TRICK! THE SHADOW OF A CARDBOARD FIGURE ON A REVOLVING PHONOGRAPH! WHY... THE DIRTY RAT!

AND AT HIS REAL HOME...

OH, HO, HO, HO! IT'S REALLY TOO FUNNY! I'LL BET THE STUPID POLICE ARE STILL WATCHING THAT WINDOW!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

KIP, HAVE YOU READ THAT MAGAZINE BEFORE?

WELL, I AM! KIP, I KNOW THE SKULL IS DANGEROUS AND ALL THAT, BUT THIS WATCHING OVER ME DAY AND NIGHT IS GETTING ON MY NERVES!

WHY, YES, BARBARA, THE THIRD TIME, BUT I'M NOT BORED.

YES, BARBARA, BUT - SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S GO TO A MOVIE! THAT'LL RELIEVE THE MONOTONY, AND I CAN STILL KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!

THEY REACH THE THEATRE...

I'M GLAD YOU THOUGHT OF GOING TO A MOVIE, KIP. THIS CHANGE'LL SAVE MY SANITY!

AS THEY ENTER...AN USHER HANDS KIP A PROGRAM...

BARBARA!
LOOK AT
THIS!

"DEAD OF
NIGHT"
STARRING
JOHN TREVOR
SUPPORTED BY
ALICE GAYE
MICHAEL WOLFE
V.G. GODDARD
HARRY SHORTEN
MAY (MITCHELL)
DELLA LOYO

2nd FEAT.
COME
2nd FEAT.
NEWSREEL

THE CAB MOVES SWIFTLY
THROUGH THE TRAFFIC AND
BARBARA NOTICES.

THEY RUSH
OUT OF THE
THEATRE.

WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT,
KIP?

YOU TAKE THIS CAB
RIGHT TO POLICE
HEADQUARTERS
AND STAY THERE
UNTIL I CALL
FOR YOU!

ALL RIGHT,
KIP. DRIVER!
POLICE
HEADQUARTERS,
PLEASE!

DRIVER, I SAID
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
YOU'RE GOING IN
THE WRONG
DIRECTION!

IT'S THE
SKULL'S
WARNING
THAT MY
FRIEND
JOHN MITCHELL
IS SECOND
TO DIE! I'VE
GOT TO GO
TO MITCHELL'S
HOUSE AT ONCE!

THE
DRIVER
TURNS...

NO, MY DEAR
MISS SUTTON!
I'M GOING IN THE
RIGHT DIRECTION!
HA HA HA HA!

MEANWHILE...

MITCHELL,
THANK
HEAVEN
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT!

WHAT
IN...WHY
SHOULDN'T
I BE ALL
RIGHT?

DIDN'T YOU RE-
CEIVE A WARNING
NOTE FROM THE
SKULL?

WHAT
WARNING
NOTE? SAY,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER
ANYWAY?



PAGE 25
THE MATTER IS THAT I'VE BEEN TRICKED! DUPEO? OPERATOR? OPERATOR? GET ME POLICE HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!

HELLO..MCGINTY? WILL YOU CONNECT ME WITH BARBARA PLEASE?

SO IT WAS A TRICK? WELL, THE SKULL'S GOT BARBARA NOW.. BUT HE WON'T HAVE HER FOR LONG I'LL SEE TO THAT!

WHO? BARBARA WHY SHE HASN'T BEEN HERE ALL DAY? WHAT? HELLO? DRAT IT! HE'S HUNG UP!

MITCHELL, I'D LIKE TO BORROW YOUR CAR!

IT'S PARKED JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

THANKS, PAL! I'M ON MY WAY!

THE BLACK WOOD LEAPS INTO THE CAR AND GETS UNDER WAY...

THIS BABY LOOKS LIKE IT CAN MAKE TIME!

THE BLACK WOOD'S CAR APPROACHES A TRAIN CROSSING AND HE RACES MADLY TO BEAT THE LOCOMOTIVE.

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! LOOK OUT!!



LATER, IN THE LAIR OF THE SKULL...

HA HA! HOW CLEVERLY I OUT-
WITTED YOUR BLACK HOOD!
BUT I HAVE SOMETHING
EVEN MORE CLEVER
TO SPRING ON
HIM!



HE'D MUCH SOONER SEE YOU DEAD
THAN WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU.
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SMALLER
DOSE OF MY POISON! JUST ENOUGH
TO TURN YOUR FACE INTO A
SKULL WITHOUT KILLING
YOU!

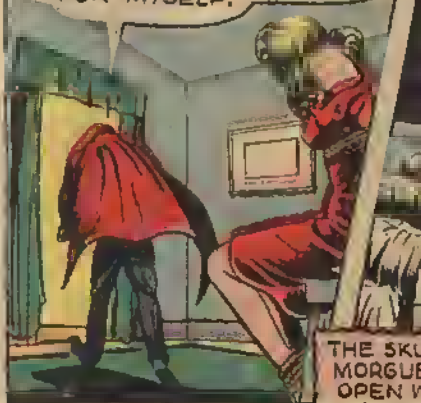


INGENIOUS, EH?
WHAT'S THAT?

FLASH! NEWS
HAS JUST ARRIVED
HERE THAT THE
BLACK HOOD WAS
KILLED FIVE MINUTES
AGO WHEN HIS CAR
COLLIDED WITH
A TRAIN!



HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME! HE
CAN'T DIE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE
OF MY PLANS. I'LL GO DOWN
TO THE MORGUE AND SEE
FOR MYSELF.



I CAN'T BELIEVE THE HOOD
WOULD DIE IN SUCH A
CLUMSY, STUPID WAY!



IT IS THE
BLACK
HOOD!



THE SKULL ENTERS THE
MORGUE THROUGH THE
OPEN WINDOW...

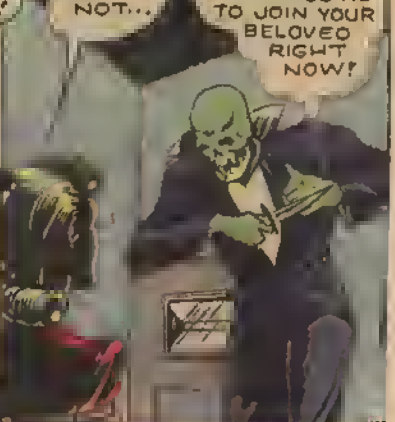
BLAST HIM! HE'S ROBBED ME OF
MY REVENGE! DEATH IS TOO
EASY A WAY OUT FOR THE
PLANS I HAD IN STORE
FOR HIM!



THERE'S NO USE
KEEPING THE GIRL
AROUND NOW.
I'LL GO BACK
AND FINISH
HER OFF
QUICK!



THE
HOOD!
HE-HE'S
NOT...



YES, HE'S
DEAD! ALL
RIGHT! BUT
DON'T GRIEVE.
YOU'RE GOING
TO JOIN YOUR
BELOVED
RIGHT
NOW!

SUDDENLY..



NOT
QUITE,
SKULL!

SO YOU TRICKED
ME, EH? YOU
WON'T DO
IT AGAIN!

TSK TSK, L
SKULL! YOU
MISSED!

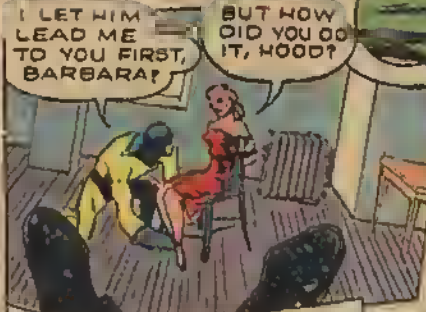
HERE'S SOMETHING I WAS
ITCHING TO GIVE YOU WHEN
YOU BENT YOUR UGLY FACE
OVER MINE IN THE MORGUE.



BAM

UGH!

BUT I
WON'T!



I LET HIM
LEAD ME
TO YOU FIRST,
BARBARA!

BUT HOW
DID YOU DO
IT, HOOD?



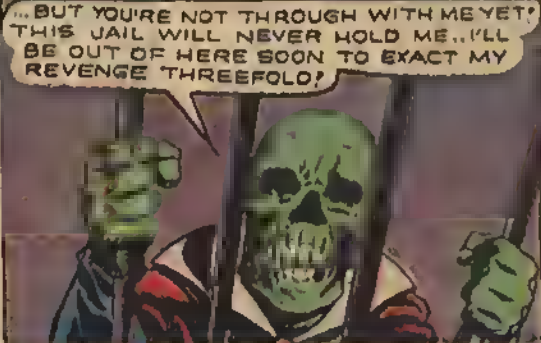
A LITTLE COOPERATION
FROM THE POLICE. SOME
LIQUID CHALK ON MY
FACE AND THERE YOU
ARE. SIMPLE, EH?

AND LATER AT THE JAIL..



HAW HAW! YOU BETTER
LOOK AROUND FOR
SOMEONE TO AVENGE
YOU, SKULL!

MOCK
ME, YOU
FOOL!



...BUT YOU'RE NOT THROUGH WITH ME YET!
THIS JAIL WILL NEVER HOLD ME..I'LL
BE OUT OF HERE SOON TO EXACT MY
REVENGE THREEFOLD!

CORPSES AREN'T CRAZY.

A BLACK HOOD STORY

KIP BURLAND saw that it was almost twelve noon by the clock on Dr. Irving's desk, and he got to his feet. Dr. Irving followed him to the door.

"Thanks a lot for the info, Doc," said Kip. "You've been most interesting."

Dr. Irving waved a deprecatory hand. "Think nothing of it," he said. "We get some pretty unusual insanity cases up here at the asylum."

They shook hands, and Kip started to leave. Suddenly he turned back, a curious look on his face. "Just one more thing," he said. "I understand all you told me about the dangerous insanities—*paranoia*, *schizophrenia*, *dementia praecox*—all those types where the maniac will kill . . . but how come you let this servant of yours, this Walter, go and do as he pleases? He's a patient, isn't he?"

"Walter Lincott, you mean?" Dr. Irving smiled. "Oh, some small-town physician in Ohio sent him here as a charity patient, and he clears up and does odd jobs for me to sort of pay his board. He's perfectly harmless—mild *melancholia* case; mind of a seven year old child."

Kip thumbed his chin. "Funny," he said. "I've got the odd-est feeling that I've seen him before." He shrugged. "Well, it's none of my business, and I'm rather late for my luncheon date with Barbara. So long, Doc."

Barbara pouted prettily. "Kip Burland," she said, "you're late!"

Kip smiled. "Awfully sorry, Barbara," he said. "I dropped up to visit my old classmate, Ian Irving, who's now head doctor at the State Insane Asylum, and he got to talking so interestingly that time just passed."

"Never mind," smiled Barbara. She took Kip's arm. "Let's go have our lunch."

They walked a step or two, and Kip stopped in his tracks. "Oh, heck," he said. "I left my hat in the Doc's office. Will you wait just a few minutes, Barb? I'll run back and get it."

He ran down the street, taking huge steps. In half a minute, he was at the asylum, up the stairs, and through the open door into the office.

He stopped and breath burst tightly from between his clenched teeth. Dr. Ian Irving was lying with his head on his desk, his own letter opener deep in his forehead. Blood dripped crimsonly onto the green desk blotter.

Kip stared for a minute, stiffly. Then he heard footsteps and he darted behind the screen-partition which Dr. Irving had used when changing from medical clothes to street costume each night. Kip quickly removed his outer clothing and emerged as—The Black Hood!

He found an opening in the partition and stood watching and listening.

Walter Lincott, the feeble-minded patient, walked into the room with a man The Black Hood recognized as the Chief Assistant of the asylum.

The Chief Assistant gibbered excitedly. "Murdered!" he screeched. "My God!" He looked at Lincott. "Was there anybody in the room when you found Irving dead?"

"Nobody in room," replied Lincott. He smiled foolishly.

The Chief Assistant gibbered on. "I've got to report this to the Board even before I call the police. You stay here and see that nobody gets into the room." He dashed out, muttering something mournful about bad publicity.

As soon as the Chief Assistant had left, Lincott reached into his pocket and took out several closely typewritten sheets. He

stared at them, put them back into his pocket, and smiled. His lips twisted, and he looked oddly horrible.

Behind the partition, The Black Hood swept into action. His hunch about having seen Lincott before was correct!

"Lincott?" he whispered. The patient whirled.

"Lincott!" The Black Hood said again. "I recognize you now. You're 'Tiger' Bernard, who escaped from the state pen two months ago!"

"Tiger" Bernard snarled. "The Black Hood!"

"Pretty good idea, having some crooked sawbones enter you in this asylum till your escape blew over," The Black Hood said. "This is a perfect hide-out."

"Sure," said Bernard. "Only I faked it too well! Irving was writing an article about insanity cases for *The Criminology and Psychiatry Journal*, and he was all set to send my picture. I wasn't taking any chances, so I knocked him off." Suddenly a knife was in his hand and he lunged. "And you're next to die," he said.

The Black Hood leaped sideways. He got hold of Bernard's wrist and threw the fake patient to the floor. Bernard got up, and The Black Hood clipped him neatly on the jaw. Again Bernard got up, and again The Black Hood hit him. This time he did not get up.

The Chief Assistant and two members of the Board rushed into the room. "We heard it all," said the Chief Assistant. "We were going to help you, but you didn't seem to need any help."

"You've heard enough to hang him," said The Black Hood. Suddenly he smiled ruefully. "I'd better get out of here," he said to himself. "A certain young lady must be very, very angry."

THE HUN ATTACKS in SHIELD - WIZARD # 7

OUT OF THE BLOOD-SOAKED PAGES OF NAZI HISTORY STEPS A BRUTAL MONSTER, A KILLER VICIOUS AS A CORNERED RAT AND DEADLY AS A COBRA...AND DIABOLICAL FATE TESTS THE SHIELD BY PITTING HIM AGAINST THIS, HIS MOST HORRIBLE AND DANGEROUS OPPONENT TO DATE -- THE HUN, SCAR-FACED BEAST OF MURDER! FOLLOW AMERICA'S FIGHTINGEST DUO IN THEIR MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE BY GETTING YOUR COPY OF SHIELD - WIZARD # 7

ON SALE NOW!



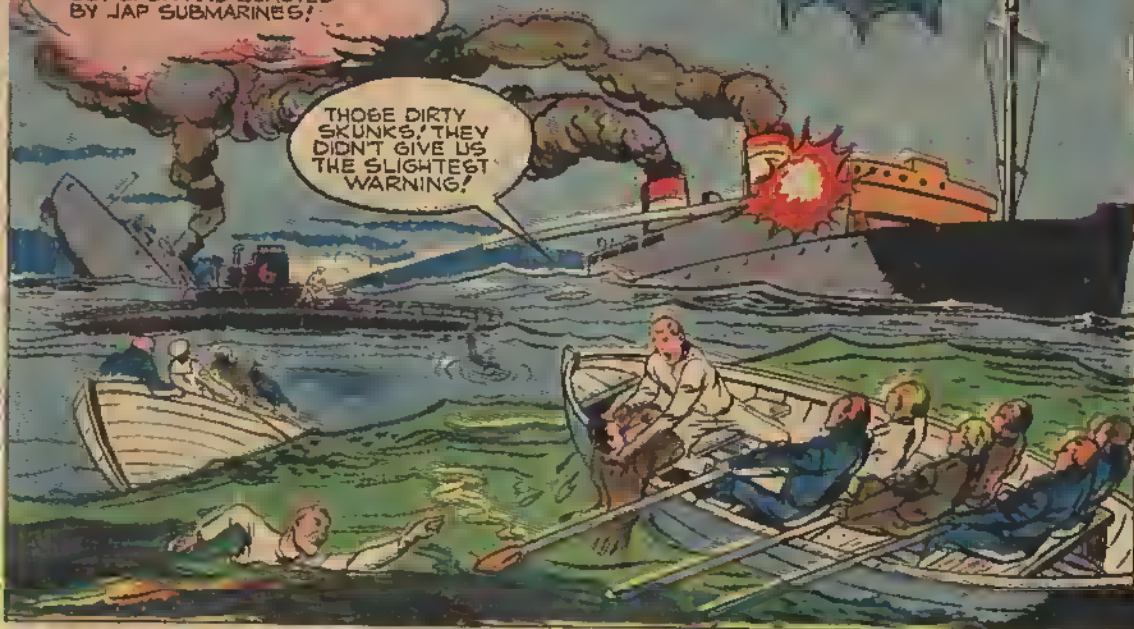
SERGEANT BOYLE

BY
HUBBELL

HEY!
IT'S AN
S.O.S.!

A FEW MILES OFF THE
AUSTRALIAN COAST, TWO
ALLIED TROOP SHIPS ARE
SET UPON AND BLASTED
BY JAP SUBMARINES!

THOSE DIRTY
SKUNKS, THEY
DIDN'T GIVE US
THE SLIGHTEST
WARNING!



S.O.S. S.O.S.
WE ARE BEING
ATTACKED BY JAP
SUBS... WE ARE
SINKING RAPIDLY...
OUR POSITION...
AWWRK!

YEP! THEIR
WIRELESS MUST
HAVE BEEN HIT!
WE'VE GOTTA GET
HELP TO 'EM
FAST!

HOW
CAN WE,
WHEN WE
DON'T KNOW
WHERE THEY
ARE?

CRIPES!
THEY'VE GONE
DEAD!



BESIDES
OUR AIR FORCE
HASN'T GOTTEN
BACK FROM THAT
TOKIO RAID YET!

WE STILL
HAVE A COUPLE OF
PLANES. MAYBE
I CAN BORROW
ONE. STEP
ON IT!



I HOPE
WE GET ONE!
AFTER ALL, I'M
A CAPTAIN.
AIN'T I?

HERE'S ONE
ALL WARMED UP.
KEEP YOUR FIN-
GERS CROSSED!
SAY! YOU!



HEY! GET
OFF THAT WING,
YOU DOPE. THIS
IS GENERAL
BAINBRIDGE'S
PRIVATE PLANE!

AW, COME
ON! BE A PAL!
NO KIDDING,
I'VE GOT TO
HAVE THIS
SHIP!



SORRY,
PAL, WE'LL
BRING IT BACK
AS GOOD AS
NEW!

HEY!
HOLD IT!
LET ME
GET IN!



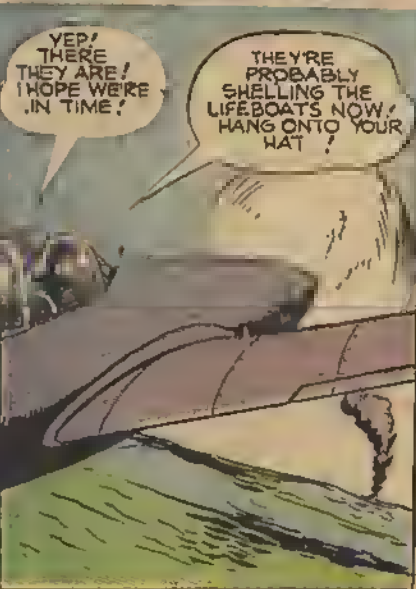
HURRY UP
SARGE, OR
THEY'LL BE
GONE BY THE
TIME WE GET
THERE!

GHE'S
WIDE OPEN!
SAY! YOU SEE
THAT SMOKE ON
THE HORIZON?

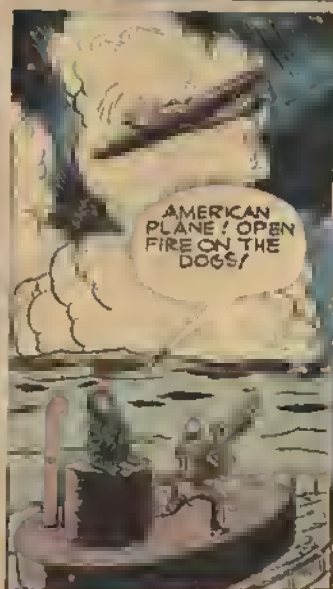


YEP!
THEY ARE!
I HOPE WE'RE
IN TIME!

THEY'RE
PROBABLY
SHELLING THE
LIFEBOATS NOW.
HANG ONTO YOUR
HAT!



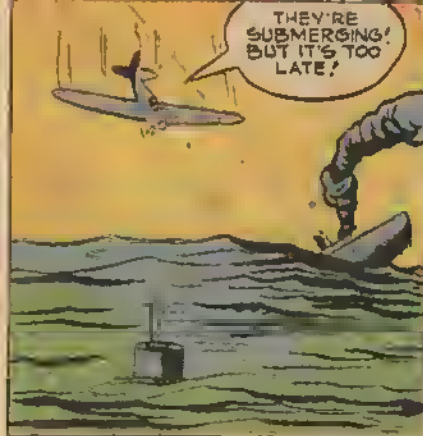
AMERICAN
PLANE! OPEN
FIRE ON THE
DOGS!



OK, YOU
DIRTY RATS!
YOU'LL GET
YOURS IN
ABOUT A
MINUTE...
WOW!

BETTER
PULL YOUR
HEAD IN, TWERP!
THEY MEAN
BUSINESS!





HERE I AM
SARGE...OOOH.
MY HEAD!

YOU'LL BE ALL
RIGHT! YOU'RE
JUST DIZZY! LET'S
GO SEE IF THE
BOYS HAVE
LANDED!

H'YA, FELLAS!
BOY, THAT'S
SOME EXPER-
IENCE YOU JUST
HAD!

YOU SAID IT!
THEY SHELLED
THE OTHER BOATS!
THEY WOULD'VE
STARTED ON US,
TOO, IF YOU
HADN'T COME
ALONG!

IF YOU HADN'T
LEVELED OUT
SO SOON THAT
WOULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED!

MAYBE SO!
BUT WE CAN'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT NOW!

THE JAPS HAVE BEEN
TRYING TO ESTABLISH
AN INVASION BASE ON
THIS ISLAND, BUT THE
NATIVES ARE STILL
ON OUR SIDE. IF WE
SEPARATE WE MAY
GET HELP FASTER!

WE GOTCHA,
SERGEANT!
LET'S ALL
MEET BACK
HERE IN AN
HOUR!

OKAY! BETTER
KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED FOR
WILD ANIMALS!

IF I FIND
ANYBODY,
SARGE, I'LL
FIRE TWO
SHOTS!

WHAT'S
THAT?
OOOH! IT'S
A SKULL!

HALP!

G-GOSH! IS
T-THIS ONE OF
THOSE FRIENDLY
GUYS BOYLE WAS
TALKIN' ABOUT!



WHO YOU?
ANSWER!

ER
ER
ER



BREAK
UP! WHAT
YOU DO
HERE?

I'M CAPTAIN
TWERP OF THE
B.E.F. - NO
KIDDIN'. SEE
MY UNIFORM!



OH! YOU
ENGLISH? WHY
YOU DIDN'T
SAY? COME!
I TAKE YOU
TO VILLAGE!

WAIT!
I'LL GET
THE REST
OF THE BOYS
WHY!

BANG



WHAT'S UP,
TWERP?

OVER
HERE, BOYLE!
HURRY!



I SEE
YOU FOUND
A NATIVE!
DOES HE
SPEAK
ENGLISH?

OH SURE!
I GOT EVERY-
THING FIXED!
WE'RE PRAC-
TICALLY IN!

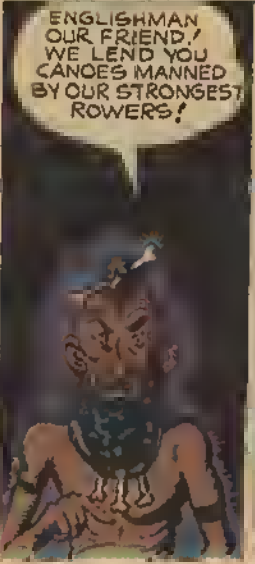


WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE
VILLAGE, BOYLE MEETS
THE OLD CHIEF...

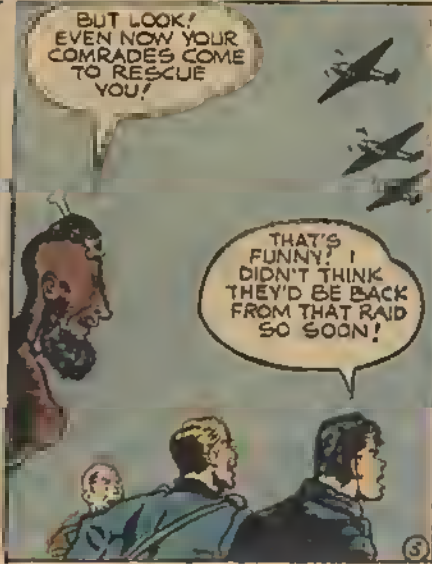
...SO THAT'S
THE STORY! NOW,
CAN WE BORROW
A FEW CANOES
TO GET BACK TO
AUSTRALIA?



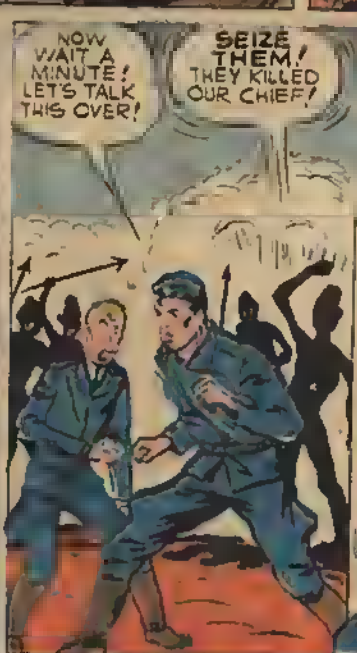
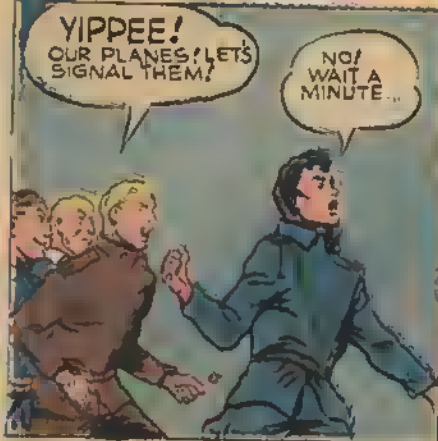
ENGLISHMAN
OUR FRIEND!
WE LEND YOU
CANOES MANNED
BY OUR STRONGEST
ROWERS!



BUT LOOK!
EVEN NOW YOUR
COMRADES COME
TO RESCUE
YOU!



THAT'S
FUNNY! I
DIDN'T THINK
THEY'D BE BACK
FROM THAT RAID
SO SOON!



TAKEN PRISONER BY THE NATIVES, THE BOYS ARE HERDED INTO A BIG ENCLOSURE...

I WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, THEY KNEW THESE HEAD-HUNTERS WERE FRIENDLY!

THERE'S A BIG POW-WOW GOIN' ON...?? WHAT? DID YOU SAY HEADHUNTERS?

S-SAY, PAL, WE COULDN'T HELP IT ABOUT YOUR CHIEF! WH-WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO US?

OOOH! GOSH!

S-SAY, SARGE, THEY'RE GOING TO C-CUT OFF OUR HEADS!

LOOK! A GERMAN PLANE JUST LANDED, WHAT'S UP?

I AM BARON SCHLAGSAHNE! I WANT TO SEE YOUR CHIEF!

TAKE ME TO HIM!

MY, MY! VOT HAPPENED HERE? EFFERYTHING ALL BUSTED, TSK! TSK! DOSE BRITISH, NO DOUBT, TOO BAD!

FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THE LONE NAZI AND THE NEW CHIEF CONFER... THEN...

GOOT! IT'S ALL SETTLED, DEN! OUR SOLDIERS VILL START ARRIVING AT ONCE, IT'S A PLEASURE TO DEAL MIT A SMART MAN!

YES! THEY WILL BE WELCOME!

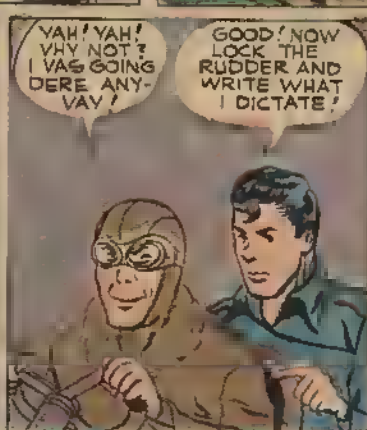
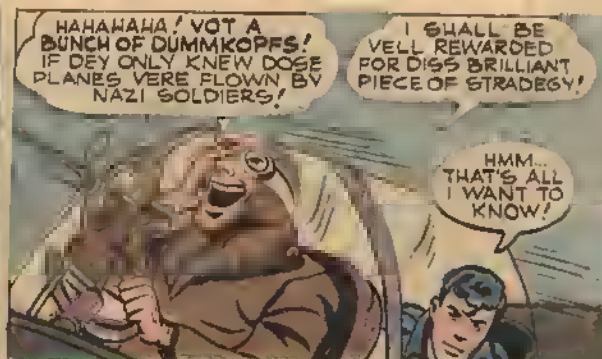
THE DOPE! HE'S SELLING OUT TO THE NAZIS AND JAPS! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, BUT HOW?

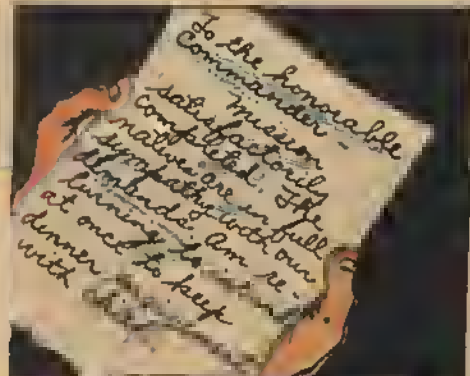
PSST!

OH IT'S YOU AGAIN! LISTEN! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF THE JAPS OVER-RUN YOUR ISLAND, YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME OUT OF HERE!

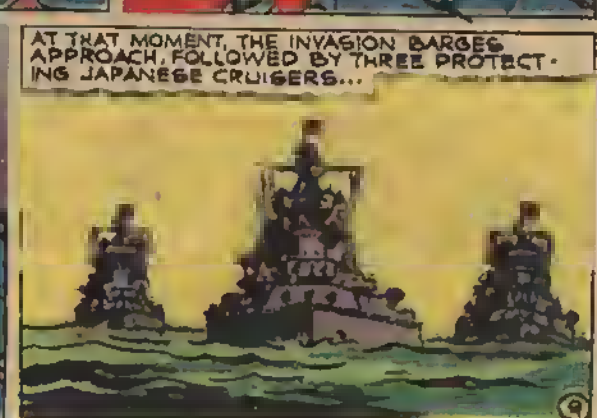
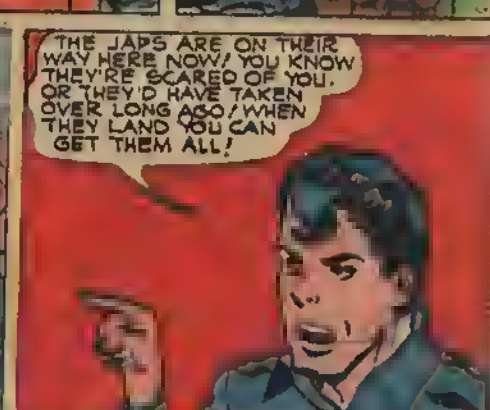
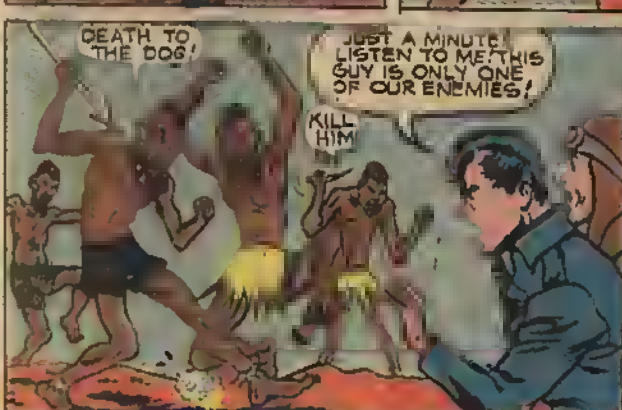
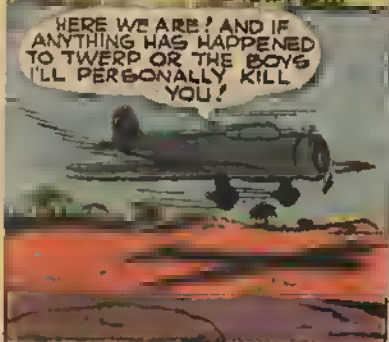
QUICK! THIS WAY! I LET YOU OUT!

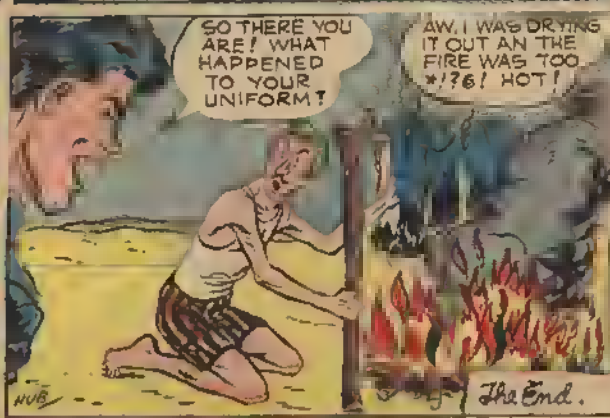
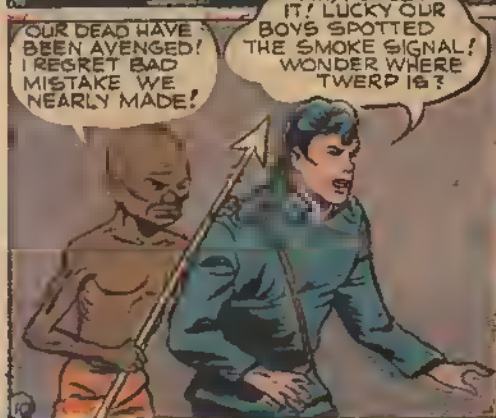
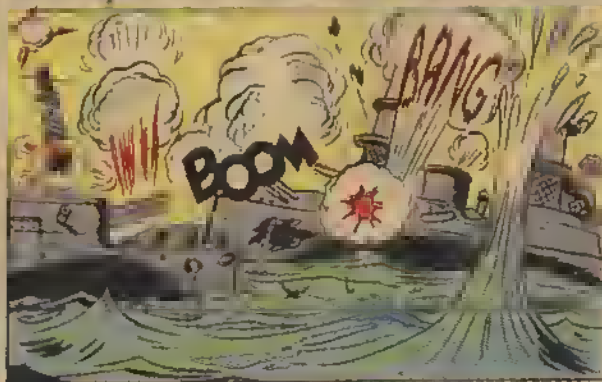
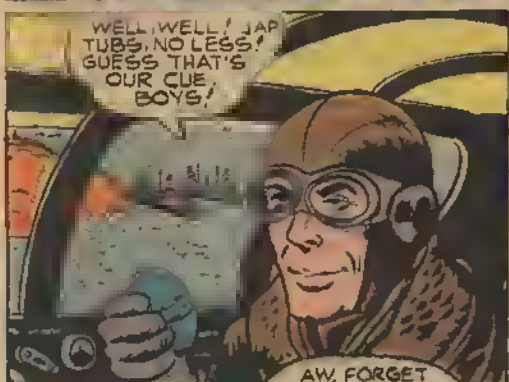
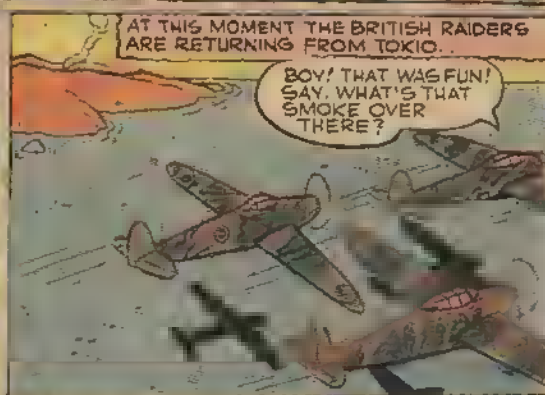
NOW IF I CAN JUST GET TO THAT PLANE BEFORE THAT NAZI DOES!





MEANWHILE BOYLE AND HIS PRIS-
ON RETURN TO THE ISLAND...








JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME

PATROL WING NO.10 OF U.S. NAVY

HERE IS A TALE TORN OUT OF A
CLOUDLESS SKY...A SKY BLACK WITH
SWARMS OF JAP ZERO FIGHTERS
SPATTERING WHITE HOT PELLETS
OF DEATH AGAINST THOSE FLYING
SONG OF THE NAVY'S AIR ARMY.
PATROL WING NO.10!

JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME
TAKES OFF ITS HAT TO THE
BOMBER PATROL WHICH
STARTED AT LUZON WITH 40
BIG PBYS AND IN THE FACE OF
OVERWHELMING ODDS KEPT
'EM FLYIN' FOR THREE MONTHS
...ENDING ITS NON-STOP BLAST-
ING OF ENEMY SHIPS AND
SHORES IN AUSTRALIA WITH
TWO FLYING FLAME-THROWERS
LEFT!



MADE IN U.S.A. IS STAMPED ON THE
BOMB THAT SINKS THE RISING SUN
IT IS ANOTHER INCIDENT IN THE
STORY OF PATWING 10, THE AF-
FECTIONATE NICKNAME FOR THE
BOMBER PATROL!...

FOR INSTANCE THERE'S THE STORY OF CHIEF
AVIATION MATE, T.T. BOND OF OGDEN,
UTAH...

OKAY, GANG -
THAT TAKES CARE
OF THAT LOAO!
I'LL TURN HER
BACK TO JAVA!

AS T.T.
BOND'S
LONE
BOMBER
WHEELS
ABOUT...

OH, OH,
HERE
COMES
TROUBLE!

MAN
THE GUNS!
WE'RE 12,000 FEET
ABOVE THE SEA!
LET'S STAY THERE!

...SUDDENLY FROM
THE CLOUDS DART A
HORNET'S NEST OF
JAP ZERO PLANES!

THAT'S HOW MANY'LL
BE LEFT WHEN I GET
THROUGH WITH 'EM
... UNGHHH!
OHHAHHH!

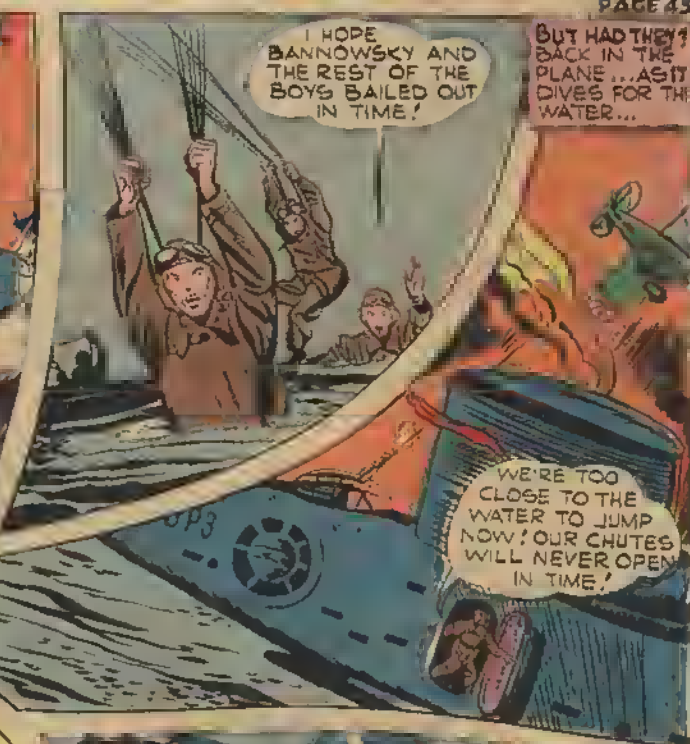
HEY, MAC,
WHY DO THEY
CALL 'EM ZERO
PLANES?

THEY'VE
GOT MAC! WE'LL
HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT -
FOUR AT A TIME! TAKE
OVER, BANNOWSKY!

I'LL PUT HER
INTO A DIVE,
BOND!



LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE GET-
TING A DOSE
OF LEAD POISON-
ING! THOSE
YELLOW DOGS
KNOW WE'VE
NO PROTECTION!



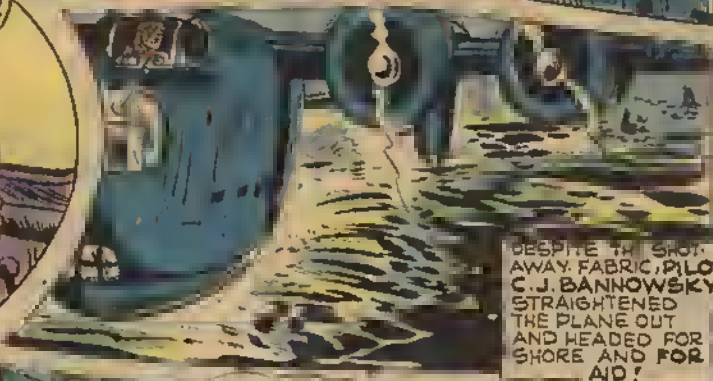
I HOPE
BANNOWSKY AND
THE REST OF THE
BOYS BAILED OUT
IN TIME!

BUT HAD THEY?
BACK IN THE
PLANE...AS IT
DIVES FOR THE
WATER...

WE'RE TOO
CLOSE TO THE
WATER TO JUMP
NOW! OUR CHUTES
WILL NEVER OPEN
IN TIME!



OKAY THEN!
TRY TO PULL
HER OUT OF
THIS. UHM-UH!
EASY DOES
IT!



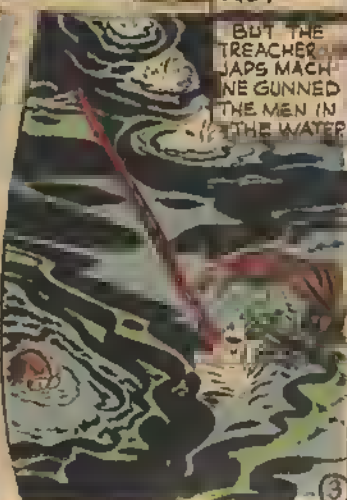
DESPITE THE SHOT-
AWAY FABRIC, PILOT
C.J. BANNOWSKY
STRAIGHTENED
THE PLANE OUT
AND HEADED FOR
SHORE AND FOR
AID!



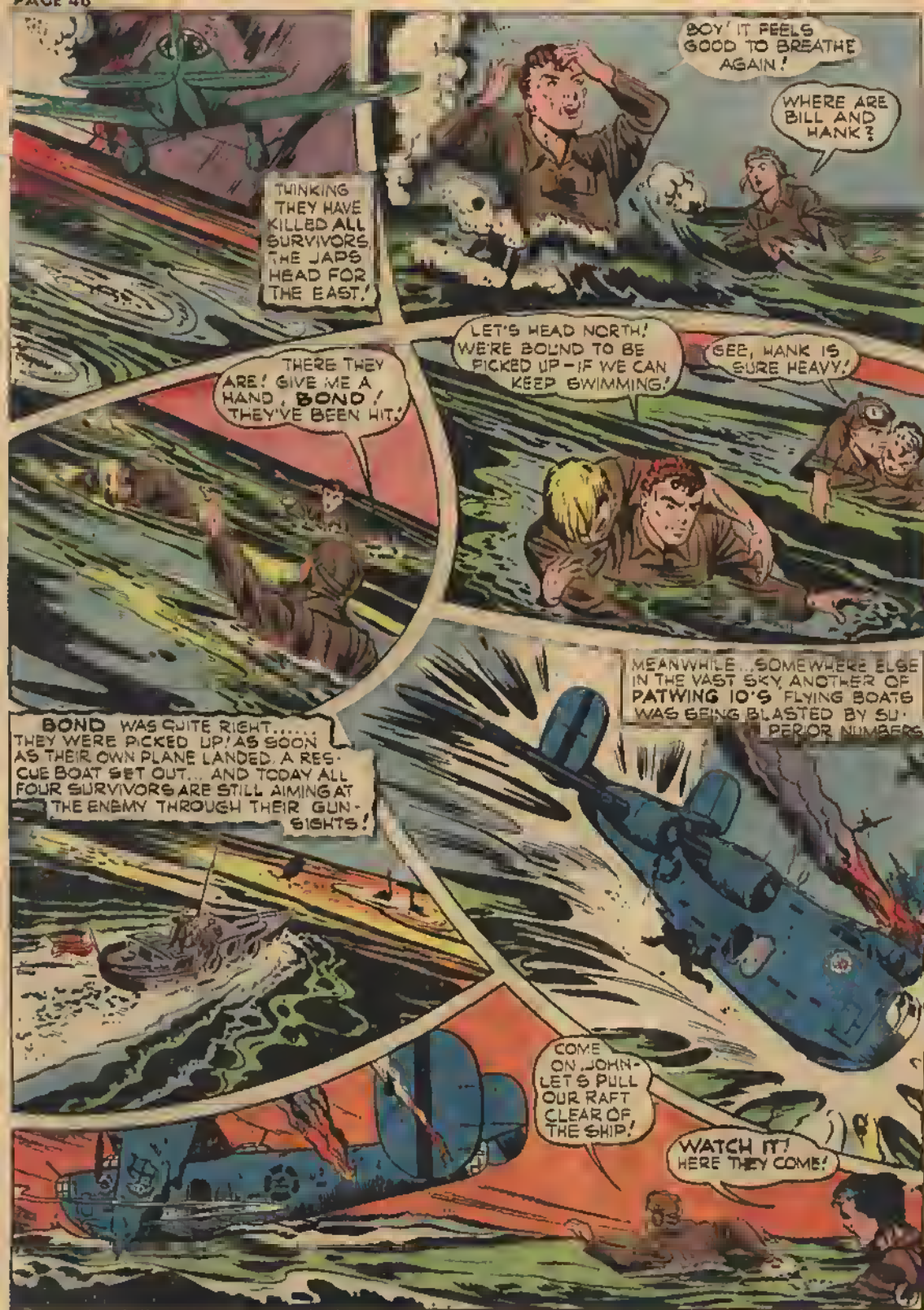
BOY! LOOK AT
THAT BABY GO!
HOW BAD WE
JUMPED,
AFTER ALL!



DUCK UNDER
THE WATER
MEN!



BUT THE
TREACHER
JAPS MACH-
INE GUNNED
THE MEN IN
THE WATER



BOY! IT FEELS GOOD TO BREATHE AGAIN!

WHERE ARE BILL AND HANK?

THINKING THEY HAVE KILLED ALL SURVIVORS THE JAPS HEAD FOR THE EAST!

THERE THEY ARE! GIVE ME A HAND, BOND! THEY'VE BEEN HIT!

LET'S HEAD NORTH! WE'RE BOUND TO BE PICKED UP - IF WE CAN KEEP SWIMMING!

GEE, HANK IS SURE HEAVY!

MEANWHILE... SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE VAST SKY, ANOTHER OF PATWING 10'S FLYING BOATS WAS BEING BLASTED BY SU- PERIOR NUMBERS.

BOND WAS QUITE RIGHT.... THEY WERE PICKED UP! AS SOON AS THEIR OWN PLANE LANDED, A RESCUE BOAT SET OUT... AND TODAY ALL FOUR SURVIVORS ARE STILL AIMING AT THE ENEMY THROUGH THEIR GUN-SIGHTS!

COME ON, JOHN - LET'S PULL OUR RAFT CLEAR OF THE SHIP!

WATCH IT! HERE THEY COME!

LOOK OUT, MIKE!
THEY'RE STRAFING US!

WAIT! I GET
MY HANDS ON OUR
MACHINE GUN!

HERE'S WHERE
WE GET SOME OF
OUR SCRAP METAL
BACK!

DOWN, BUT NOT OUT, THE CRIPPLED
PBY SENDS OUT THE LEADEN
DEATH WHICH PUTS THE JAPS
OUT OF COMMISSION...

WHAT TAKES CARE
OF THEM? ANYONE
ELSE LIKE A TASTE
OF OUR ARTILLERY?

THOSE TWO GALLANT AIR-
MEN, MIKE KELLY OF MEN-
DAM, N.J. AND JOHN CUM-
BERLAND OF SALINA, KAN.
DRIFTED FOR 20 HOURS...

IF ONLY
WE COULD
HELP!

ONLY TWO OUT OF TWELVE
BOMBERS RETURNED;
PATWING 10 WAS DWIND-
LING RAPIDLY...
AND THEN ON CHRISTMAS
DAY - OVER THE BEACH ON
BATAAN - A DOG FIGHT
RAGED...

WATCHING WERE. LIEUT. H.R. SWENSON
OF STOCKTON, CALIF. AND
J.S. CLARK OF FAIRHOPE
ALABAMA.

HMM...MAYBE WE
CAN...LOOK, ONE OF
OUR PLANES IS IN
THE BAY

THERE'S SOME-
BODY IN THERE...
HE'S STILL BLAZ-
ING AWAY AT
THOSE JAPS!

GOOD BOY!...COME
ON! LET'S GIVE
HIM A HAND!

INSIDE THE DAMAGED BOMBER
SWENSON AND CLARK FOUND
ROLAND FOSTER OF HARVEY.
N.O. CARRYING ON THE TRA-
DITIONS OF PATWING 10

IT'S FOSTER! NICE
GOING, LAD! IS THERE
ANOTHER GUN HANDY

SHE'S SHIPPING
PLENTY OF WATER
THROUGH THOSE
BULLET HOLES!

YEAH... BUT YOU GUYS
CAN DO A LOT MORE
GOOD BY BAILING THE
WATER OUTTA THIS
CRATE!

NOT A BAD JOB
OF HANDLING, IF
DO SAY SO MY-
SELF!

I'LL HANDLE
THE SHOOTING
END!

MECHANIC FOSTER NOT
ONLY MANNED ALL THREE
GUNS OF THE FLOATING
HULK, BUT MANNED THE
PUMPS WHICH PUMPED
OUT WATER THAT WAS
POURING IN THROUGH
250 BULLET HOLES...

FIRST THERE WERE
FORTY. AND NOW THERE
ARE TWO! AFTER FIVE
WEEKS WITH GENERAL MAC
ARTHUR IN BATAAN, THE
REMAINS OF THE MOST GAL-
LANT OUTFIT THE NAVY EVER
SENT INTO THE AIR... WOUND
UP IN PORT DARWIN, AUSTRALIA!
PATROL WING No 10 WROTE A STORY
IN SMOKE AND FLAME ACROSS
THE PACIFIC SOUTHWEST...
JACKPOT'S HALL OF FAME
IS PROUD TO INSCRIBE YOUR
CREWS IN ITS ANNALS
PATWING 10
WE SALUTE
YOU!

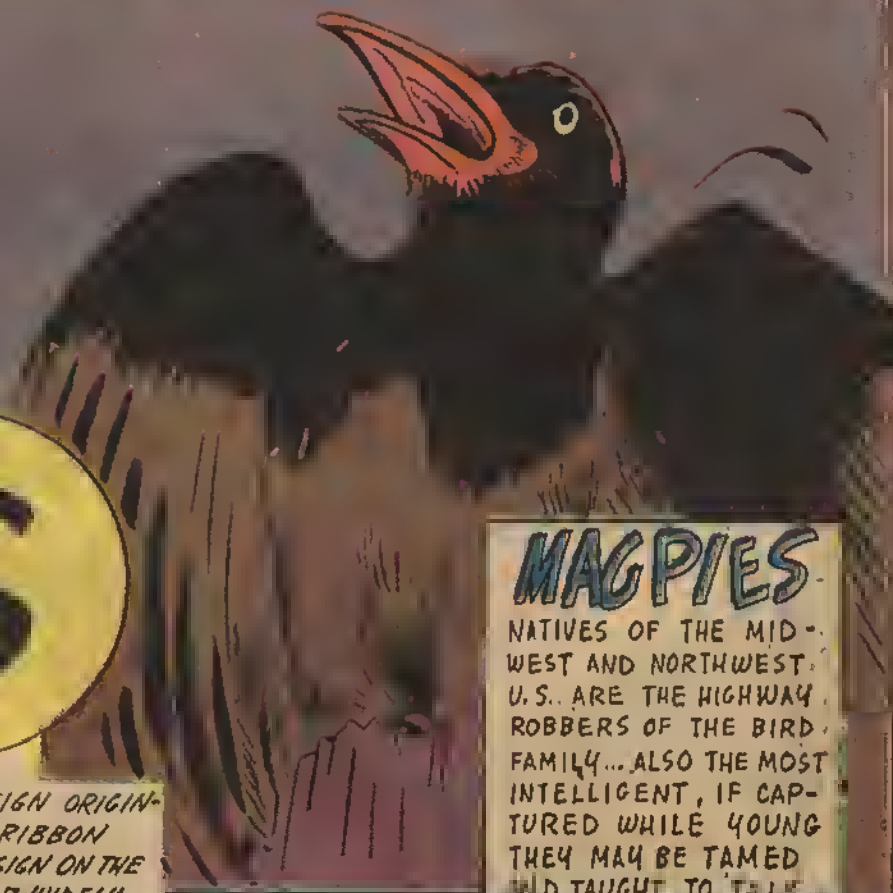


THE DOLLAR SIGN ORIGINATED FROM A RIBBON ENTWINED DESIGN ON THE SPANISH DOLLAR WIDELY USED IN COLONIAL AMERICA.



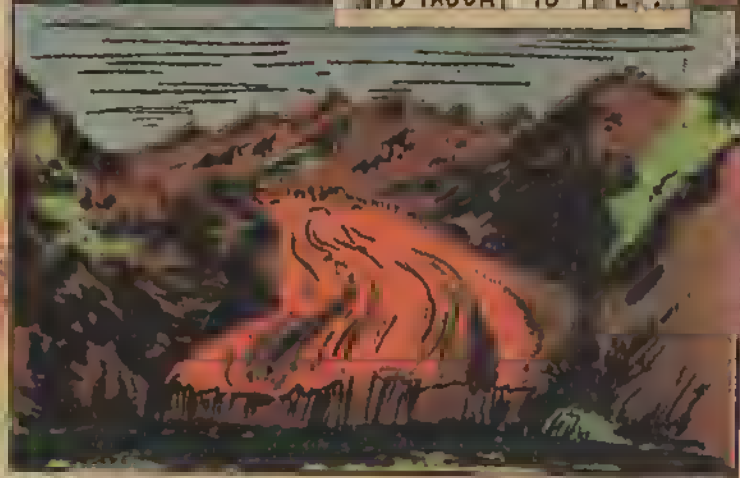
IF THE COCOON OF THE SILK WORM IS UNWOUND THE THREAD MAY BE AS LONG AS $\frac{9}{4}$ OF A MILE....

-6955



MAGPIES

NATIVES OF THE MID-WEST AND NORTHWEST U.S. ARE THE HIGHWAY ROBBERY OF THE BIRD FAMILY... ALSO THE MOST INTELLIGENT, IF CAPTURED WHILE YOUNG THEY MAY BE TAMED AND TAUGHT TO TALK.



GLACIERS OF THE LAST ICE AGE DREW SO MUCH WATER FROM THE SEA THAT THEY LOWERED ITS LEVEL OVER 300 FT.... ISLANDS LIKE ENGLAND WERE THEN CONNECTED WITH THE CONTINENT.

LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH!

in the **SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH** comics!

YOU'LL LAUGH UNTIL YOUR RIBS ACHE, UNTIL TEARS ARE IN YOUR EYES, UNTIL YOU CAN'T CATCH YOUR BREATH — AS YOU WATCH THE ANTICS OF **POKEY OAKY**, THE FUNNIEST FUNNY MAN OF THEM ALL; **SUZIE**, THE WACKIEST DAMSEL THIS SIDE OF THE MOON; **SEÑOR SIESTA**, THE SCREWY SOUTH AMERICAN; **SNOOP MCGOOK**, THE WORLD'S DUMB-EST DETECTIVE; **THE THREE MONKEYTEERS**; AND MANY OTHERS...



ALSO FEATURING **THE BLACK HOOD**, IN DESPERATE COMBAT WITH THAT ARCH-MURDERER, **THE MOLD**, WHOSE DEATH WEAPON HORRIFIES THE NATION!... WATCH FOR YOUR COPY OF THE **SEPT. TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!**

MR JUSTICE



THE SPIRIT WORLD IS IN REVOLT AND FOR THE FIRST SINCE HE BEGAN FERRYING THE SOULS OF THE DEAD ACROSS THE RIVER ST. CHARON, THE FERRYMAN, CARRIES A CARGO BACK TO THE MOR TAL WORLD... WHY THIS BIZARRE REBELLION? WHAT ARE THE PLANS OF THESE MUTINIOUS SPIRITS? THE ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS ARE DESTINED TO GIVE MR. JUSTICE THE WEIRDEST, MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER!

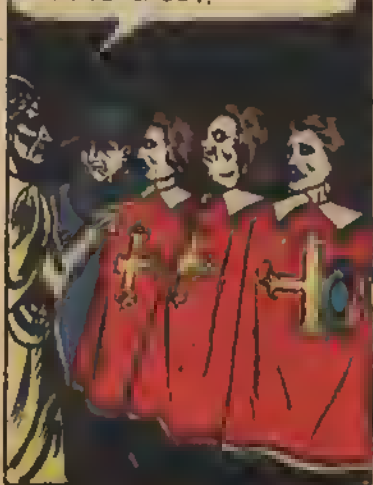
FELLOW CITIZENS OF A BYGONE AGE, I, JULIUS CAESAR, HAVE ASKED YOU TO MEET TO DISCUSS THE WORLD OF 1942! I FEEL THE EARTH IS CRUMBLING UNDER THE RULE OF WAR LORDS!

EET EES TIME! OUR EARTHLY REPRESENTATIVE, MONSIEUR JUSTICE - HE DO NOTHING! HE EES BIG FAILURE!

I NOMINATE YOU, THREE MUSKETEERS, AND YOU, NAPOLEON...



... TO GO FORTH INTO THE WORLD
TO PREVENT THE PRESENT-
DAY HOLOCAUST!



WE WILL SUCCEED
WHERE MONSIEUR
JUSTICE, HE 'AS
FAILED, ALLONS



THE THREE MUSKETEERS
SET FORTH GAILY SINGING..



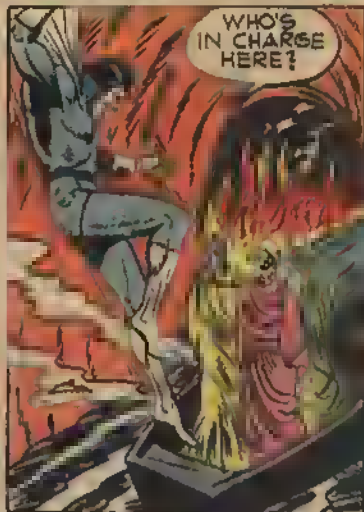
ACROSS THE CHASM THAT
SEPARATES THE LIVING FROM
THE DEAD, MR. JUSTICE
SENSES THE PRESENCE
OF IMMORTAL BEINGS..



THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE
STYX! THAT'S WHERE THESE
VIBRATIONS ARE COMING
FROM!



WHO'S
IN CHARGE
HERE?



YOU'RE UP
TO SOMETHING.
WHAT IS IT?

WE HAVE BECOME DIS-
GUSTED, CITIZEN JUSTICE,
AT YOUR INABILITY TO KEEP
THE WORLD AT PEACE. THERE-
FORE, WE'VE SENT OUT THE
THREE MUSKETEERS AND
NAPOLEON TO ACCOMPLISH
THIS MISSION!



GREAT HEAVEN! THEY WON'T
BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING!..
WARFARE HAS CHANGED
TREMENDOUSLY SINCE
THE DAYS OF PORTHOS,
ATHOS AND ARAMIS.



I'VE
GOT TO
STOP
THEM!

THE SCENE CHANGES, RE-
VEALING THE THREE MUSKET-
EERS SWAGGERING
THROUGH WAR-TORN EUROPE



LOOK, MÉS AMIS! EET
SAY CONCENTRATION.
CAMP... LET US
RESCUE THE
PRISONERS!



SINGING AT THE TOP OF THEIR
LUNGS, THE THREE MUSKETEERS
CHARGE AT THE BEWILDER-
ED GUARDS...



EN GARDE!

WHY
LOOK AT
THE..

STRANGE WAY
THEY HOLD THEIR
WEAPONS!



WITH THE DEXTERITY THAT MADE THEM
HEROES OF FRANCE, THE FENCING TRIO GET
RID OF THEIR
ADVERSARIES

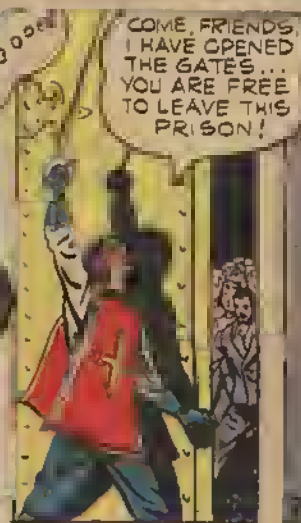
TOUCHÉ!



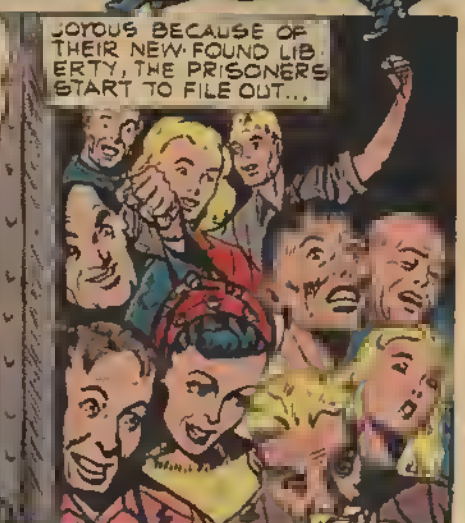
STAND IN
MY WAY, WILL
YOU BOCHE?

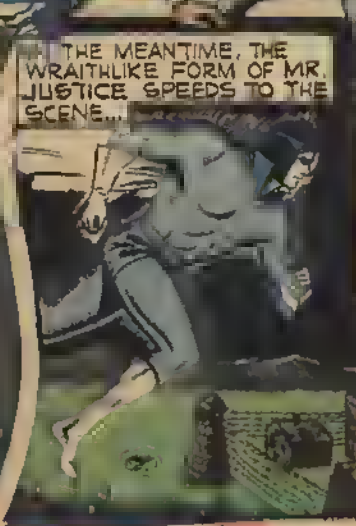
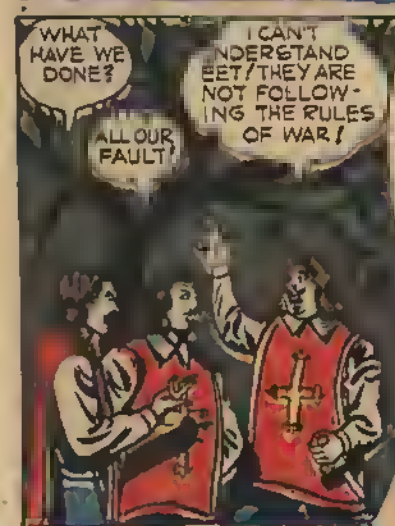


COME, FRIENDS,
I HAVE OPENED
THE GATES...
YOU ARE FREE
TO LEAVE THIS
PRISON!



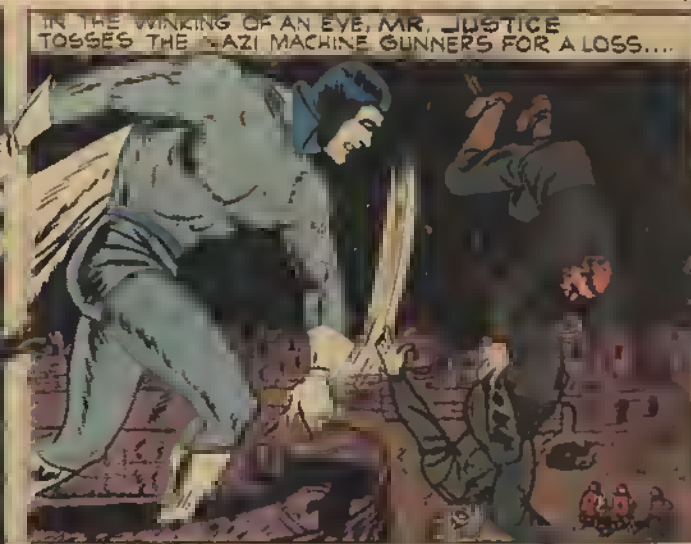
JOYOUS BECAUSE OF
THEIR NEW-FOUND LIB-
ERTY, THE PRISONERS
START TO FILE OUT...





BUT I'M NOT TOO
LATE TO PREVENT
FURTHER MASSACRE!

IN THE WINKING OF AN EYE, MR. JUSTICE
TOSSES THE NAZI MACHINE GUNNERS FOR A LOSS...



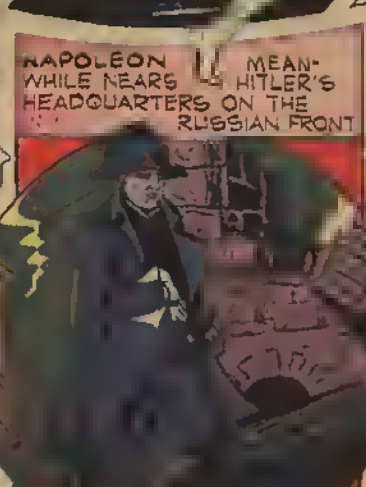
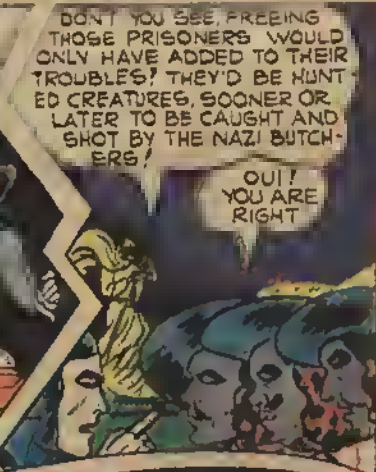
AND LEADS THE PRISONERS
BACK INTO THE CAMP.

GET BACK! THIS
KIND OF FREEDOM
WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!

COME ON, MEN. LET'S GET TO
THE RIVER STYX. YOU SPIRITS
HAVE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE.

DON'T YOU SEE, FREEING
THOSE PRISONERS WOULD
ONLY HAVE ADDED TO THEIR
TROUBLES! THEY'D BE HUNT
ED CREATURES, SOONER OR
LATER TO BE CAUGHT AND
SHOT BY THE NAZI BUTCH-
ERS!

OUI!
YOU ARE
RIGHT



I HOPE I
CAN CONVINCE
NAPOLEON
OF THAT. IF
HE HASN'T
GONE TOO
FAR ALREADY!

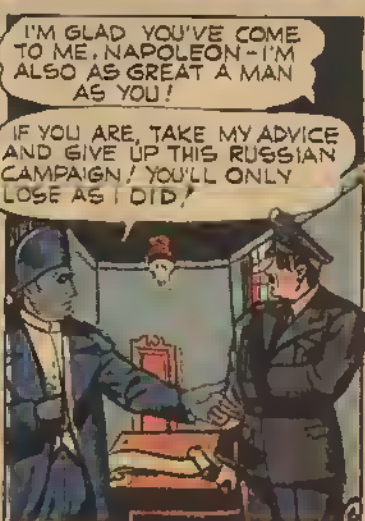
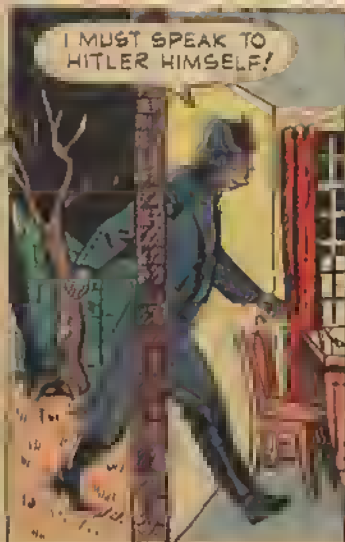
NAPOLEON
WHILE NEARS
HEADQUARTERS ON THE
RUSSIAN FRONT

MEAN-
WHILE NEARS
HITLER'S
HEADQUARTERS ON THE
RUSSIAN FRONT

KARL!
LOOK!

ACH VAS?
NAPOLEON?

MR. JUSTICE HURTTLES IN-
TO THE ETHER IN HOT PUR-
SUIT OF





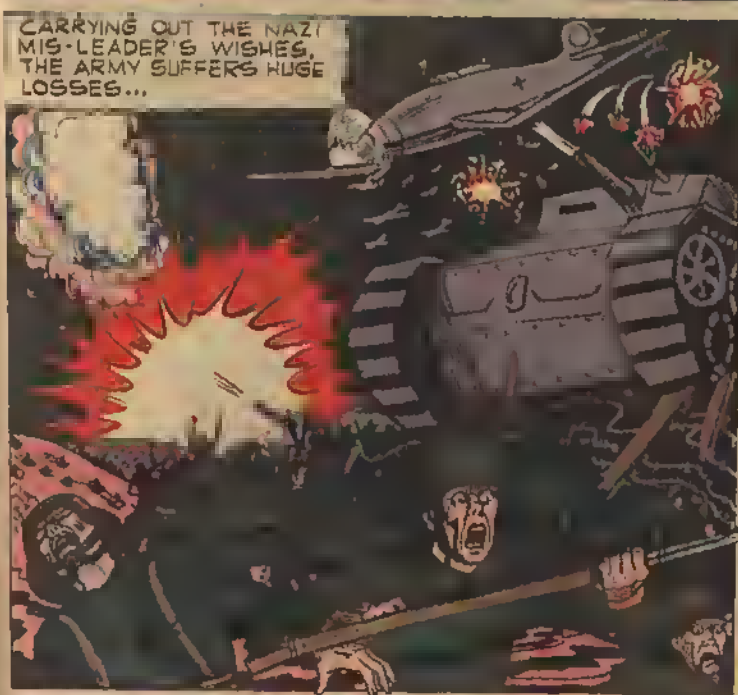
I WILL LOSE? YOU ARE CRAZY.
I CANNOT LOSE...I WILL START A
BATTLE THIS MINUTE AND YOU WILL
SEE WHOSE ADVICE I SHOULD
FOLLOW?



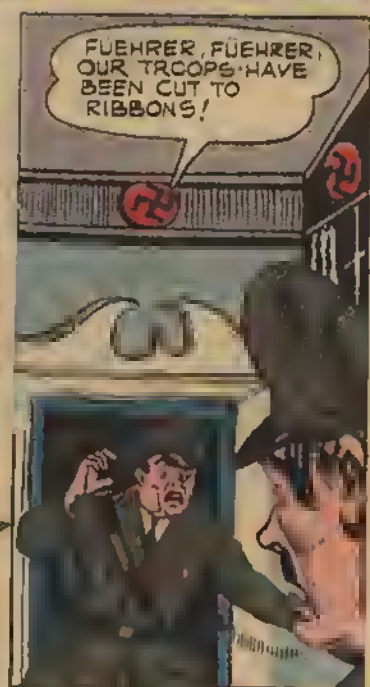
I WANT MOSCOW TAKEN
AT ONCE...ADVANCE WITH
THE INFANTRY!

DO AS
I SAY!

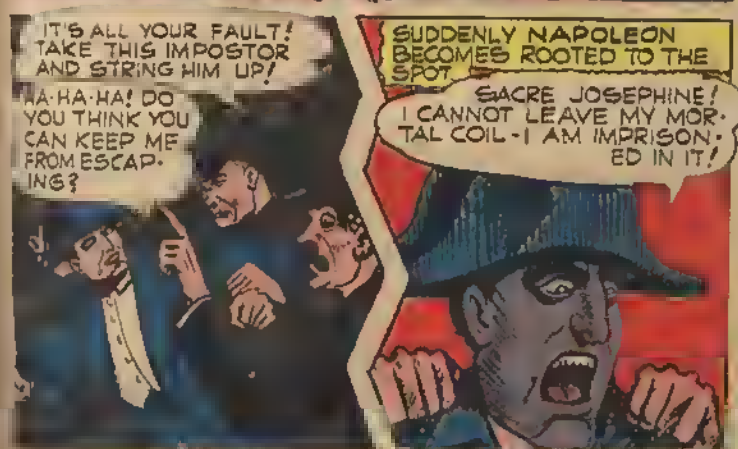
BUT, FÜHRER-
WE ARE NOT
PREPARED!



CARRYING OUT THE NAZI
MIS-LEADER'S WISHES,
THE ARMY SUFFERS HUGE
LOSSES...



FÜHRER, FÜHRER,
OUR TROOPS HAVE
BEEN CUT TO
RIBBONS!



IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!
TAKE THIS IMPOSTOR
AND STRING HIM UP!

HA-HA-HA! DO
YOU THINK YOU
CAN KEEP ME
FROM ESCAP-
ING?

SUDDENLY NAPOLEON
BECOMES ROOTED TO THE
SPOT.

SACRE JOSEPHINE!
I CANNOT LEAVE MY MOR-
TAL COIL-I AM IMPRISON-
ED IN IT!



SO! YOU WILL GIVE ADVICE,
EH? I SHALL KEEP YOU
HERE JUST TO REMIND ME
I HAVE NOT
KILLED ENOUGH
OF MY
ENEMIES!

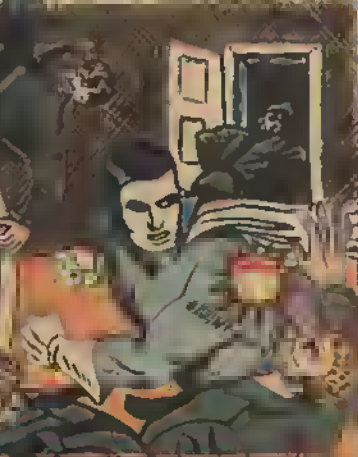
IN A FLASH, MR. JUSTICE ENTERS...



...AND HIS TESTS LAH OUT LIKE TWIN THUNDER BOLTS...



...MR. JUSTICE DISPOSES OF THE LAST TWO TORTURERS...



YOU BETTER GET BACK TO THE RIVER STYX, NAP. OLEON!



I CANNOT LEAVE THIS MORTAL FORM I ASSUMED!

WELL THEN, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A HAND!



BACK TO THE RIVER OF DEAD SOULS WE GO!

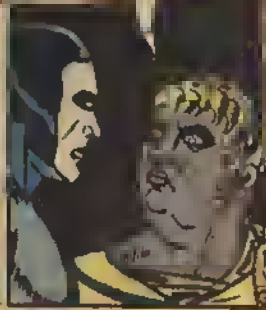


LATER...

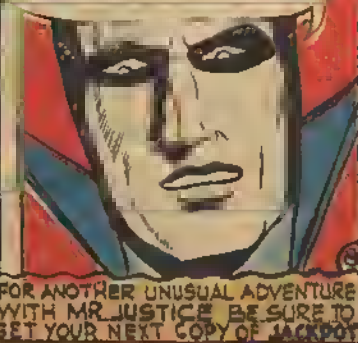
NOW, WHAT IS THIS HEAR ABOUT YOU GENTLE MEN COMPLAINING?...ER. HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO SAY, NERO?



YES! EVEN IN MY TIME SOME ONE WAS ALWAYS PREDICTING THE END OF CIVILIZATION ...AND YET HUMANS ALWAYS MANAGE TO GET AROUND THEIR TROUBLES AND KEEP GOING!



TRUE! SLOWLY BUT SURELY THE HUMAN RACE WILL MOVE AHEAD UNTIL CRUELTY IS WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH...AND IF THEY NEED A HELPING HAND IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE TO GIVE IT TO THEM!



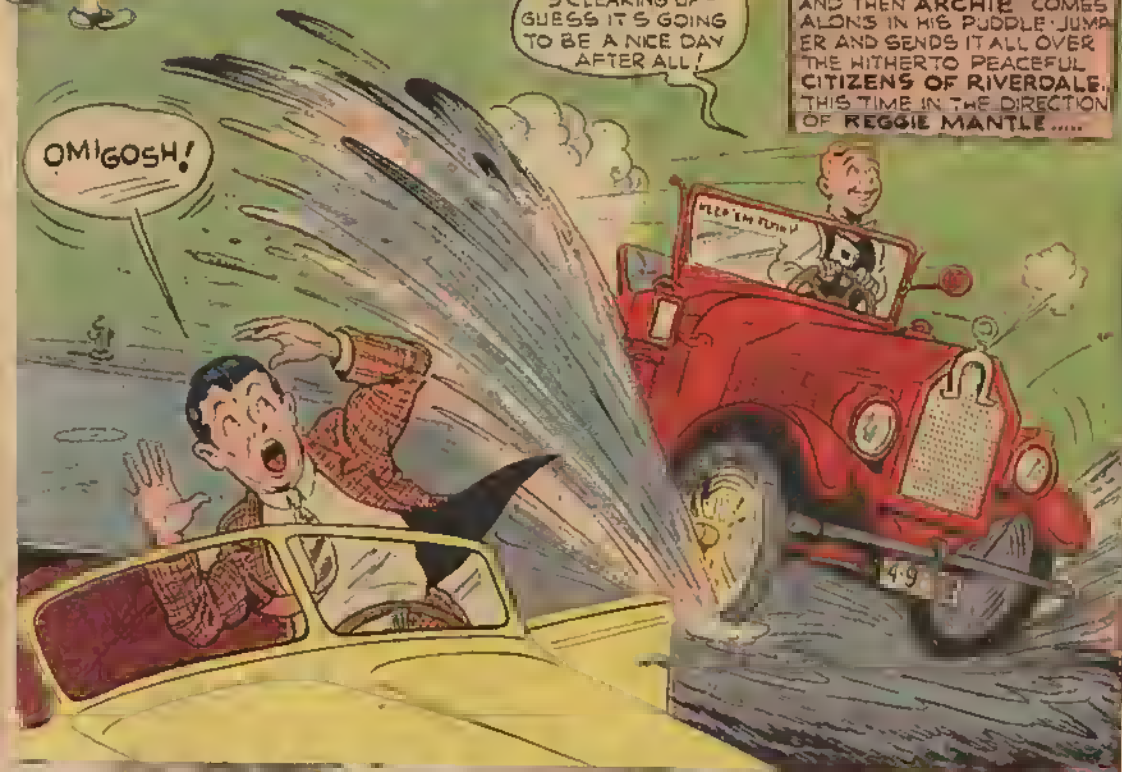
FOR ANOTHER UNUSUAL ADVENTURE WITH MR. JUSTICE BE SURE TO GET YOUR NEXT COPY OF JACKPOT



WO HUM!
'S CLEARING UP -
GUESS IT'S GOING
TO BE A NICE DAY
AFTER ALL!

NATURE SENDS RAIN FOR
THE TREES AND LITTLE FLOW-
ERS OF PEACEFUL RIVERDALE
AND THEN ARCHIE COMES
ALONG IN HIS PUDDLE-JUMP-
ER AND SENDS IT ALL OVER
THE HITHERTO PEACEFUL
CITIZENS OF RIVERDALE.
THIS TIME IN THE DIRECTION
OF REGGIE MANTLE.....

OMIGOSH!



YEOOOOW!
COME BACK HERE AND
FIGHT LIKE A MAN!



OH OH ALL OVER
WEALTH'S GIFT TO
RIVERDALE AND
HIS PRETTY
ROADSTER!

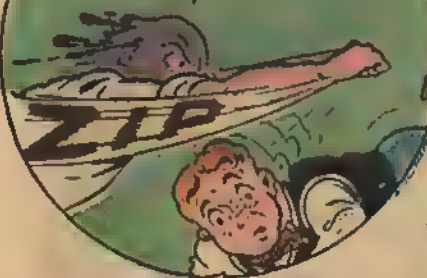


AND DON'T
TELL ME THAT
WASN'T ON PUR-
POSE, WISE-GUY,
WHY I'LL...



B-B-B-BUT,
I...

TRY THIS
BOMB ON YOUR
BEEZER, BUM!



?

?



HE MUST LIKE
MUD THE WAY HE
INSISTS ON WALLOW-
ING IN IT... HUMPH!
AND I DIDN'T EVEN
LAY A FINGER ON
HIM!

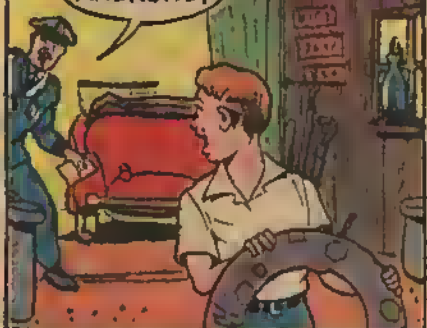
I'LL GET
EVEN WITH THAT
GUY IF IT'S THE
LAST THING
I DO!



That day... ARCHIE
IS PATCHING THE PATCHES
ON HIS INNERTUBES...

HEY!
ARE YOU
ARCHIE
ANDREWS?

HUH?
Y-YES
SIR!



GOT A COURT ORDER FOR YOU!
YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP THAT JALOPPY
OF YOURS OFF THE STREETS OR
THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WILL
BE FORCED TO CONFISCATE IT!
THE COMMISSIONER SAYS IT'S
A HAZARD TO PUBLIC SAFETY!

HMM... NO BRAKES.
NO MUFFLER, NO HORN,
NO LIGHTS... IN FACT
... NO CAR! ... SIGNED
HIGHWAY COMMISSION-
ER MANTLE! OH! IT
DOESN'T TAKE A QUIZ
KID TO FIGURE OUT
THAT CONNECTION!
... REGGIE, THE RAT!

WHAT!



HEY, ARCHIE!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE
WHAT THEY'RE
GOING TO HAVE
AT THE COUNTY
FAIR FRIDAY!

PHOOEY!
ME WITHOUT
MY CAR IS LIKE
VERONICA LAKE
WITH A 'BALDY'!



WILL YOU GET
THAT DARN CAT
OFF ME!

NO KIOON!
ARCHIE! READ
THIS! IT'S MADE
TO ORDER FOR
US!

ALL RIGHT!
LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU'VE
GOT!



SAY! YOU'RE RIGHT!
THAT COURT ORDER JUST
SAID TO KEEP MY CAR OFF
THE STREETS, I CAN GET
IN THIS RACE AND WIN
A NEW CAR!

WOW!



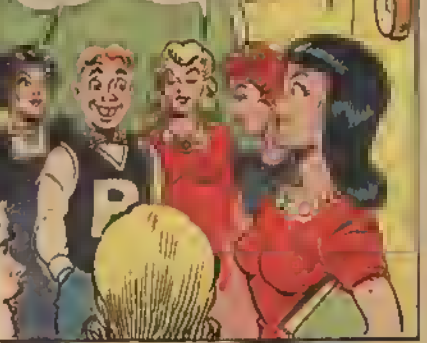
NEXT MORNING AT SCHOOL

ARE YOU REALLY GOING IN THE JALOPPY RACE, ARCHIE?

ISN'T IT EXCITING!

AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THE DANGER, ARCHIE?

I HOPE YOU WIN, ARCHIE! IT'S AN AWFULLY NICE ROADSTER!

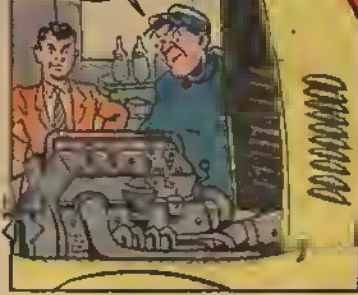


CAN YOU BEAT IT! THAT WOULD BE BARNEY OLDFIELD GOES IN A RACE AND THOSE DIZZY DAMES FALL ALL OVER HIM... WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!



YEAH, THAT'S IT - I WANT THAT MOTOR TAKEN OUT AND PUT IN THE OLDEST JALOPPY YOU HAVE!

IT WOULD LOOK BETTER IN A TANK!



JALOPPY CROSS COUNTRY RACE

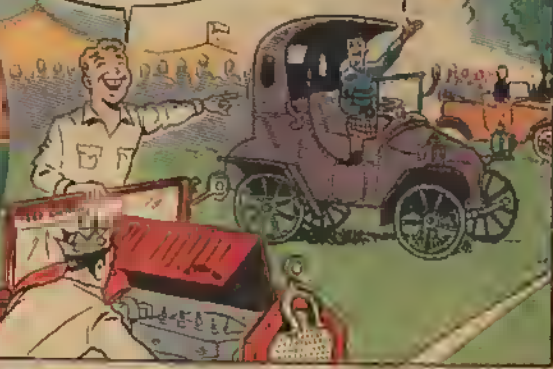
Entrance

FRIDAY, DAY OF THE RACE



HA! HA! HA! GET A LOAD OF THAT SEWING MACHINE REGGIES GOING TO RACE - I'LL BET HE CAN'T EVEN START IT!

GO AHEAD! LAUGH, SUCKER!



HEH HEH!

R-RROARRRRRRRRRR



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, BUD! THAT MOTOR SOUNDS FAMILIAR!



BANG THEY'RE OFF!

ARCHIE, QUICK! GET BACK IN HERE - THE RACE HAS STARTED!



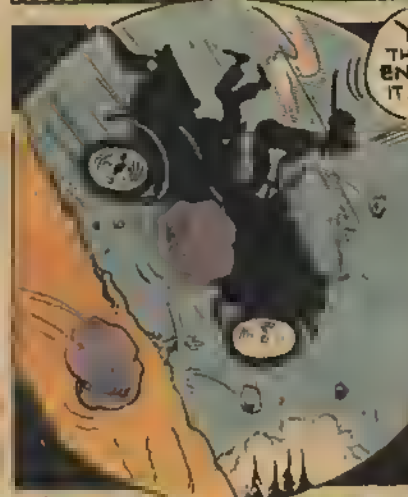
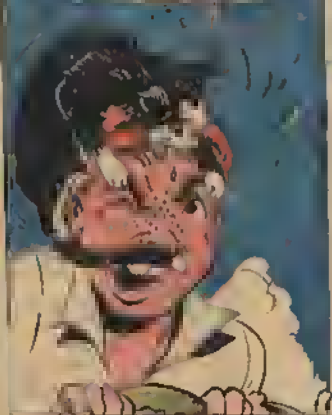
THAT WAS BRIGHT... GETTING OUT! NOW WE'RE THE LAST ONES.

THAT CHEAT, REGGIE! HE'S GOT THAT SUPER CHARGED MOTOR UNDER HIS HOOD!

JUGHEAD! GET HIM OFF! GET HIM OFF!

LOOKOUT, YOU'RE GOING OFF THE ROAD!

I CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T SEE!

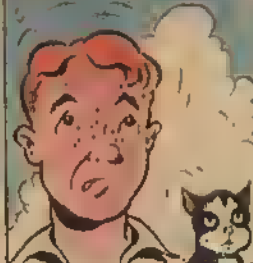


YIIII! THIS IS THE END! I KNOW IT! I KNOW IT!

PUFF, PUFF FOR THE LAST TIME, JUG, PUFF... WILL YOU THROW THAT CAT OUT!

HOLY SMOKE! LOOK! WE'RE RIGHT BACK ON THE TRACK AND AHEAD OF 'EM ALL! COME ON!

I KNEW IT WAS TOO GOOD - LOOK AT THAT HILL - BOY! WE'LL PROBABLY NEED AN OXYGEN TANK UP THERE!



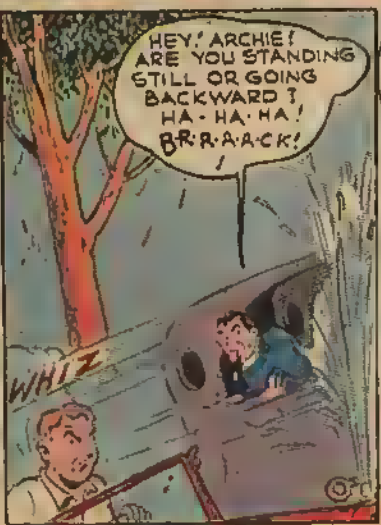
HURRY UP, ARCHIE! REGGIE'S CATCHING UP!

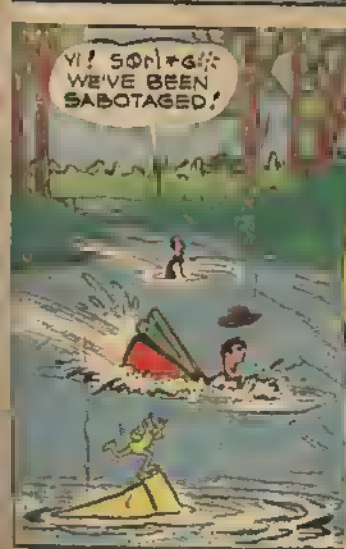
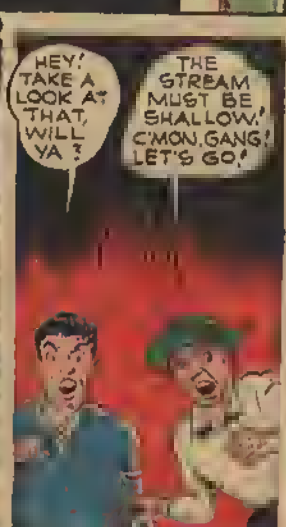
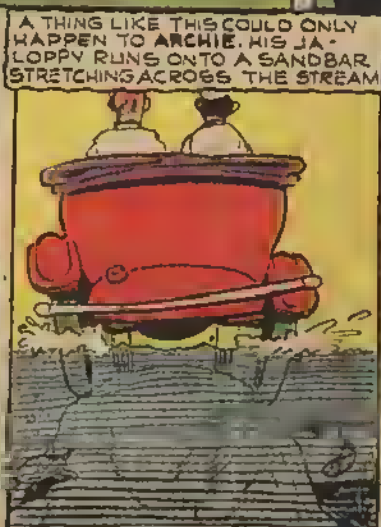
I'M IN LOW-NOW!

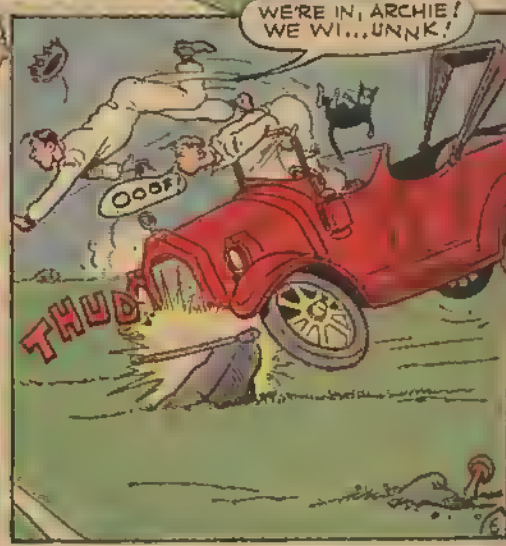
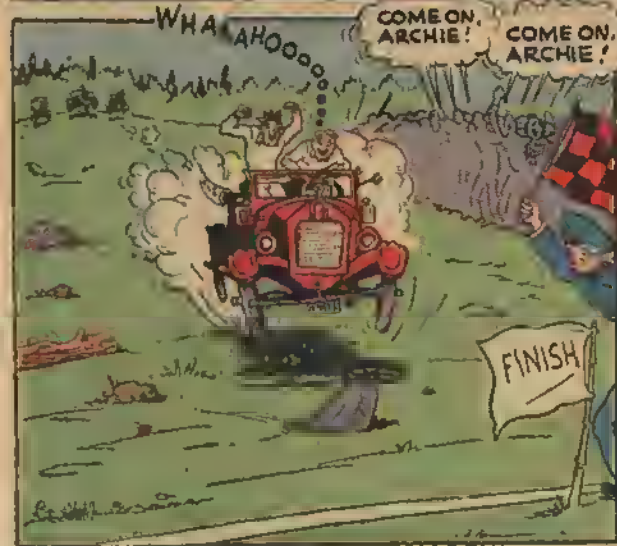
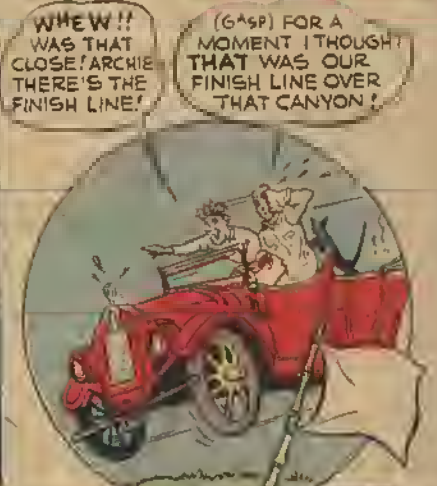
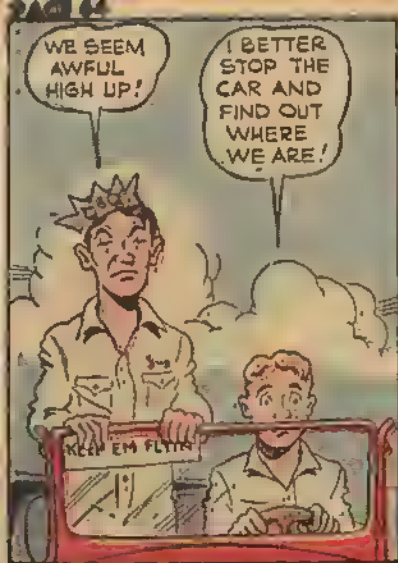
HEY, ARCHIE! ARE YOU STANDING STILL OR GOING BACKWARD? HA-HA-HA! BR-RACK!

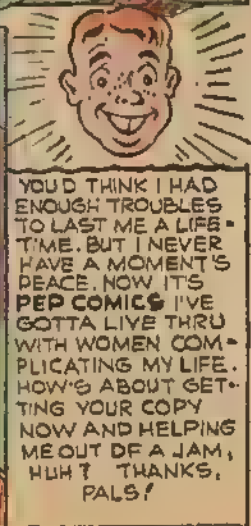
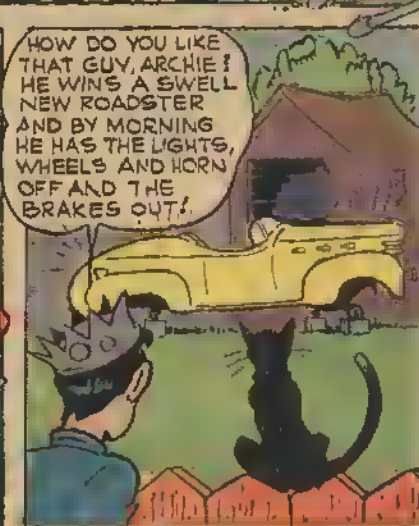
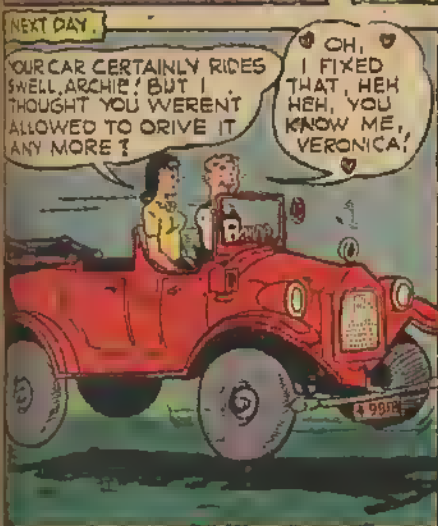
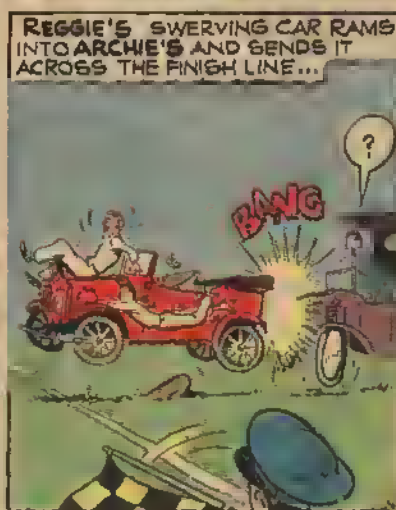
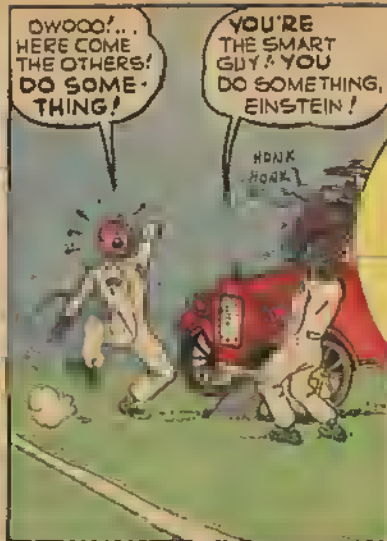
SHUCKS! EVEN STINKY GOGGIN IS PASSING US IN THAT STANLEY STEAMER!

YEAH? WELL, HE'D BETTER LOOK WHERE HE'S GOING!

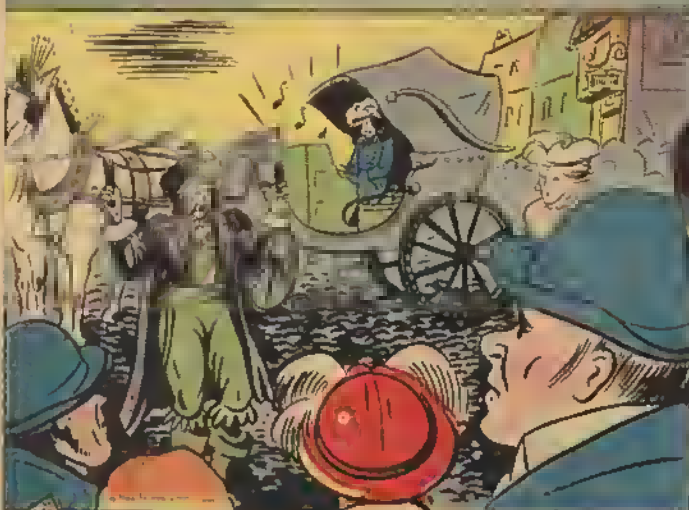








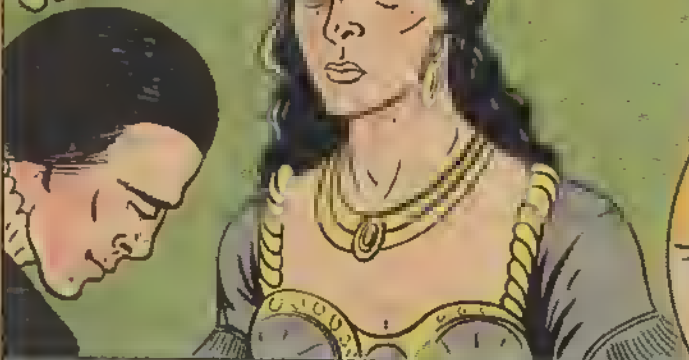
WHITE CANNIBAL



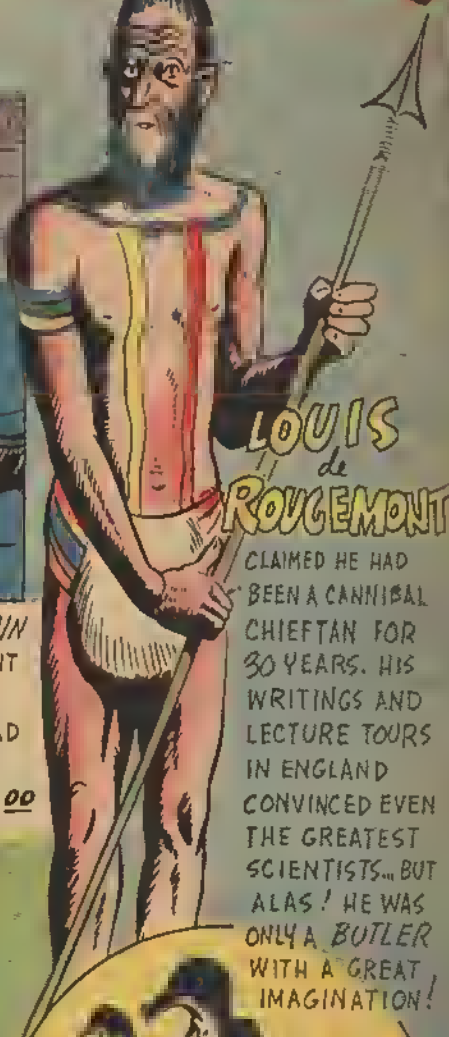
IN ELABORATE MEDIEVAL COSTUME **MONSIEUR MANGIN** SOLD PENCILS ON STREETS OF PARIS WHILE HIS SERVANT PLAYED ORGAN MUSIC FROM HIS RICHLY DECORATED CARRIAGE.... AT HIS ACCUMULATED A

DEATH HE HAD FORTUNE OF \$500,000⁰⁰

CARABOO

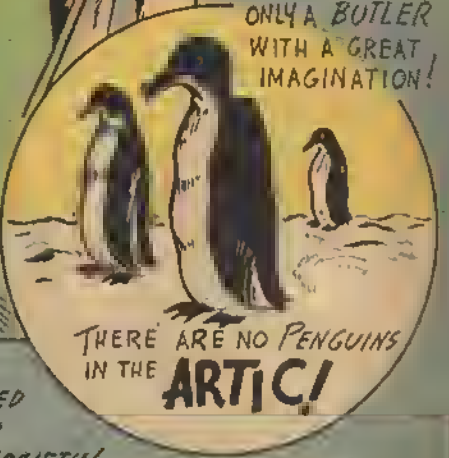


MARY BAKER, A SERVANT GIRL CONVINCED ALL ENGLAND THAT SHE WAS "CARABOO" AN EAST INDIAN PRINCESS KIDNAPPED BY PIRATES... SHE WAS EXPOSED BUT NOT UNTIL SHE HAD BEEN ROYALLY ENTERTAINED IN THE BEST ENGLISH SOCIETY!



LOUIS de ROUEMONT

CLAIMED HE HAD BEEN A CANNIBAL CHIEFTAN FOR 30 YEARS. HIS WRITINGS AND LECTURE TOURS IN ENGLAND CONVINCED EVEN THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS... BUT ALAS! HE WAS ONLY A BUTLER WITH A GREAT IMAGINATION!



THERE ARE NO PENGUINS IN THE ARTIC!



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